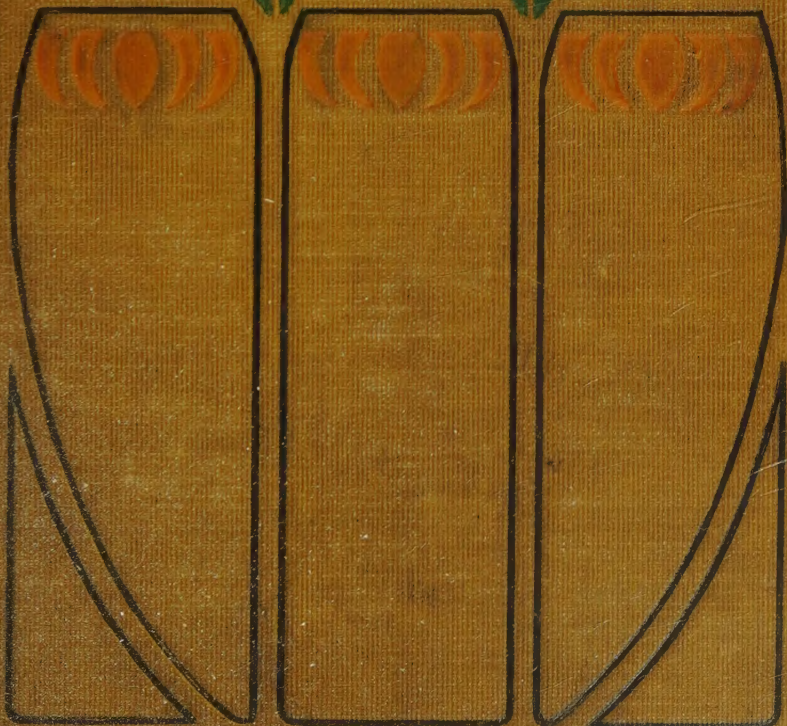


KANSAS THIRD READER



Vergil Steffen

STUDIES IN READING

THIRD READER

BY

J. W. SEARSON

PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, KANSAS STATE AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE, MANHATTAN

AND

GEORGE E. MARTIN

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL AND PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH,
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, KEARNEY, NEBRASKA



PUBLISHED BY

THE STATE OF KANSAS

IMRI ZUMWALT, STATE PRINTER

TOPEKA, 1921

8-5916

Copyright, 1915, 1916, 1920.
THE UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

All Rights Reserved.

PREFACE

READING with appreciation is a fine art. As soon as children can read well the simplest sentences and easiest stories, they are entitled to the best. Children love those stories which they have heard their mothers or fathers tell or read. They also love to read charming new stories. This volume contains a choice collection of prose and poetry selections adapted to the needs of pupils who are familiar with the elementary mechanics of reading. These selections offer pupils an opportunity to perfect themselves in the mechanics of reading while acquiring a taste for the best in child reading and literature.

The pupil should study his reading lesson with relish. The brief, simple introduction to each lesson leads him to approach the study intelligently. The notes, drills, and exercises outline for him a definite program of work. This program should be varied as the needs of the pupil and the judgment of the teacher dictate. The additional readings suggest a wider field from which the teacher and her pupils may obtain material to broaden and deepen the impressions gained from the study of each single selection.

Special emphasis should be placed upon correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, perfect articulation, and the correct use of words in sentences of the pupils' making. Diacritical markings should be used to show the correct pronunciation of words on the board, in the reader, or in the dictionary. Diacritical marking of difficult words, articulation drills taken from the poem or story read, and simple directions for relating the study of reading vitally to the life of the pupil, are given with each selection.

The authors desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to the intermediate and rural school teachers who have proved the worth of these studies in schoolroom practice. Especial thanks are due to Lucy Williams Tinley of Council Bluffs, Iowa; to Superintendent A. H. Waterhouse of the Public Schools of Fremont, Nebraska; to Superintendent H. B. Wilson of the Public Schools of Topeka, Kansas; to E. L. Holton, Professor of Sociology and Rural Education in the Kansas State Agricultural College, for practical suggestions and helpful criticisms; and to former State Superintendent W. K. Fowler of Nebraska, for expert care, criticisms, and corrections in the preparation of this volume.

J. W. SEARSON,
G. E. MARTIN.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE FLOWER'S THANKS	<i>Lyman Abbott, Sr.</i> 1
SPEAK THE TRUTH	<i>Anonymous</i> 4
THE FROG WHO TRIED TO BE AS BIG AS AN OX	<i>Æsop</i> 5
THE OLD LOVE	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 8
REJOICE IN GOODNESS	<i>John Ruskin</i> 10
THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT	<i>Beatrix Potter</i> 11
THE LITTLE PLANT	<i>Kate Louise Brown</i> 17
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB	<i>John Roulstone</i> 18
THE LOST NAIL	<i>Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm</i> 22
TRUSTY HANS	<i>German Folk-Tale</i> 25
THE ANT AND THE CRICKET	<i>After Æsop</i> 29
ARIEL'S SONG	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 32
THE BURIED TREASURE	<i>Æsop</i> 33
PEACE AT HOME	<i>Isaac Watts</i> 37
THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN	<i>Grace F. Coolidge</i> 38
BETWEEN BEST FRIENDS	<i>Nixon Waterman</i> 40
SILLY MATT	<i>Norse Folk-Tale</i> 41
THE LAND OF STORYBOOKS	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 47
VIOLETS	<i>L. E. Landon</i> 50
THE END OF THE RAINBOW	<i>Grace Greenwood</i> 51
THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 56
OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG	<i>Lydia Avery Coonley Ward</i> 57
I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME	<i>G. Linnæus Banks</i> 60
THE THREE WISHES	<i>Charles Perrault</i> 61
HOW THE FLOWERS GROW	<i>Gabriel Setoun</i> 66
THE LARK AND THE FARMER	<i>Æsop</i> 70
A GRIZZLY'S SLY LITTLE JOKE	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> 74
OUT OF THE MORNING	<i>Emily Dickinson</i> 77
ONE, TWO, THREE	<i>H. C. Bunner</i> 78
THE DONKEY RACE	<i>Madame de Segur</i> 82
A LESSON OF MERCY	<i>Alice Cary</i> 90
TRY, TRY AGAIN	<i>T. H. Palmer</i> 95
WHITE BUTTERFLIES	<i>Algernon Charles Swinburne</i> 97
BELLING THE CAT	<i>After Æsop</i> 98

THE LAMPLIGHTER	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	103
THE FISH OF GOLD	<i>Russian Folk-Tale</i>	106
THE DUEL	<i>Eugene Field</i>	115
THE MILLS OF GOD	<i>Friedrich von Logau</i>	118
HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	119
FERN SONG	<i>John Banister Tabb</i>	123
THE HONEST INDIAN	<i>Old Indian Tale</i>	124
WONDERFUL	<i>Julian S. Cutler</i>	127
AN INDIAN'S SHARP EYES	<i>Old Indian Tale</i>	128
HOW ALL THE ANIMALS TRIED TO MAKE MAN	<i>Marion F. Lansing</i>	131
THANKSGIVING DAY	<i>Lydia Maria Child</i>	137
POPCORN SONG	<i>Sophia T. Newman</i>	142
THANKSGIVING DAY	<i>Eugene Field</i>	143
STRENGTH FOR THE HOUR	<i>Priscilla Leonard</i>	145
TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	146
MOTHER SONG	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	149
THE THREE BUGS	<i>Alice Cary</i>	150
HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	153
THE LION AND THE MOUSE	<i>Æsop</i>	154
KING SOLOMON AND THE TWO MOTHERS.	<i>The Bible</i>	157
LIFE	<i>Edward Rowland Sill</i>	160
THE SHADOWS	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	161
THE BEE AND THE FLOWER	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	164
A CHRISTMAS WISH	<i>Eugene Field</i>	165
CONTENTMENT	<i>Claudius</i>	168
WHERE DO THE OLD YEARS GO?	<i>Margaret E. Sangster</i>	169
ROLL IT AROUND	<i>Anonymous</i>	171
THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER	<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	172
A RIDDLE	<i>Schiller</i>	181
FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	182
DO IT WELL	<i>Anonymous</i>	184
THE SEVEN SONS	<i>After Æsop</i>	185
I CAN	<i>William Allen Butler</i>	187
THE CONTENTED BOY	<i>Dr. John Aiken</i>	188
DAYS OF THE MONTH	<i>Anonymous</i>	192
CINDERELLA	<i>Charles Perrault</i>	193
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	<i>Margaret E. Sangster</i>	207
TRUE SUCCESS	<i>Edmund Vance Cooke</i>	211
LITTLE GIFTS	<i>Anonymous</i>	211
SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN	<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	212

CONTENTS

vii

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS	<i>Charles Mackay</i>	215
THE BEST DO	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	215
THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	216
LITTLE THINGS	<i>Ebenezer Cobham Brewer</i>	220
BUTTERCUP GOLD	<i>Laura E. Richards</i>	221
THE GENTLEMAN	<i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i>	230
NO RAINBOW	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	230
THE VIOLET	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	231
BEAUTIFUL THINGS	<i>David Swing</i>	233
THE ECHO	<i>Æsop</i>	234
INDUSTRY	<i>John Gay</i>	237
A FLOWER'S SONG	<i>Abram Joseph Ryan</i>	238
THE RAINBOW	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	240
RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN	<i>Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm</i>	241
MY PART	<i>Selected</i>	251
THE SONG OF THE WHEAT	<i>Anonymous</i>	251
THE RAIN SONG	<i>Robert Loveman</i>	252
LONGFELLOW'S LOVE FOR THE CHILDREN	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	255
JACK AND THE BEAN STALK	<i>Old Folk-Tale</i>	256
THE STAR	<i>John Pierpont</i>	274
VACATION SONG	<i>Katherine Lee Bates</i>	275
ONLY ONE MOTHER	<i>George Cooper</i>	278



THE YOUNG ROBIN'S FIRST BATH

STUDIES IN READING

THE FLOWER'S THANKS

A LITTLE flower lay dying. When the rain came and lifted the poor flower, the grateful little creature thanked the rain for saving its life. But the rain said it was not the one to thank. The flower thanked others. But they said they were not the ones. This story tells how many helped the flower and who really deserved the flower's thanks.

THE FLOWER'S THANKS *

A little flower lay drooping on the ground under an August sun. For days there had been no rain. The earth was dry and hard. The little flower had held up its open mouth for rain, but no rain had come.

And now it was dying of thirst. As it lay dying a shadow passed over the sun. The air became dark. Heavy thunder rolled. Flashes of lightning chased each other across the sky. The birds hushed their singing. The very leaves of the trees stood still.

At last two big drops fell at the root of the

*Used by the courteous permission of *The Outlook*.

little flower. A moment, and then the air was full of raindrops. They lifted the dying flower. They washed it, fed it, and brought it back to life. When the sun broke through the clouds, two great tears glistened on the flower's little cheek. They were tears of thankfulness.

Then the flower lifted up its voice and said, "Thank you, raindrops, good raindrops, you have saved my life."

But the raindrops answered, "Thank not us; thank the clouds; they sent us."

Then the flower lifted up its voice and said, "Thank you, clouds, good clouds, you have saved my life."

But the clouds answered, "Thank not us; thank the sun. It saw you dying, and called us from the ocean. The winds heard you sighing, and brought us here to help you."

Then the little flower turned to the wind and the sun. The wind bent down to the earth, and stopped for a moment to hear its words. The sun sent down its beams to receive the flower's message.

"Thank you, wind, good wind," said the little flower. "Thank you, sun, good sun, you have saved my life."

"Thank not us," said the sun and the wind; "thank the good God. He saw you dying; He heard your sighing; He took pity on you. We,

sun and winds and clouds and falling raindrops, are only the givers of His bounty."

And the flower breathed a prayer of thanks to the great and good God.—*Lyman Abbott, Sr.*

NOTES

1. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Sr., was for many years a noted preacher. He was the father of Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Outlook*.
2. How many things in nature help a flower to grow?
3. Pronounce and give meanings of as here used:
droop'ing, dÿ'ing, shăd'ow, thŭn'dēr, lĭght'nĭng, hushed (hŭsht), mō'mĕnt, glistened (glĭs' 'nd), thănk'ful-nĕss, sighing (sĭ'ing), message (mĕs'ăj), boun'tŷ, breathed (brĕth'd).
4. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) The little flower had held up its open mouth for rain.
 - (b) And now it was dying of thirst.
 - (c) Flashes of lightning chased each other across the sky.
 - (d) Thank not us; thank the clouds; they sent us.
 - (e) We, sun and winds and clouds and falling raindrops, are only the givers of His bounty.

EXERCISES

1. In what condition was the poor little flower?
2. How was it brought back to life?
3. Why did not the raindrops accept thanks?
4. Why did not the clouds?
5. Why did not the wind and the sun?
6. What did the wind and the sun tell the little flower?
7. What did the little flower learn?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

- MACDONALD: Little White Lily.
SETOUN: How the Flowers Grow.
TAYLOR: The Violet.
COLTON: Rain Drops.
LOVEMAN: Raining.
LONGFELLOW: Rain in Summer.
RILEY: A Sudden Shower.
SHERMAN: The Four Winds.
EDWARDS: A Child's Prayer.
HAWTHORNE: Little Daffydown Dilly.
-

SPEAK THE TRUTH

Speak the truth!
Speak it boldly, never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear;
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best in age and youth.
Speak the truth.

Speak the truth!
Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save;
Falsehood is a cowardly knave;
From it turn thy steps in youth —
Follow truth.

— *Anonymous.*

THE FROG WHO TRIED TO BE AS BIG AS AN OX

WHEN a good story-teller wants to tell us something we should remember, he often talks about other creatures and lets us find out the truth for ourselves. In this old fable, Æsop, one of the oldest and best of our story-tellers, tells us the story of the frog who tried to be as big as an ox. From what happened, we can see what the story-teller wanted us to know.

THE FROG WHO TRIED TO BE AS BIG AS AN OX

Once upon a time, a large ox was grazing in the meadow. A foolish young frog hopped under the feet of the ox. The ox, not noticing the foolish little creature, chanced to set his foot upon the frog. The little brothers and sisters of the frog, who were playing near, saw that their brother was killed and ran at once to tell their mother.

“O mother! our poor brother was killed by a great monster!” they cried.

“Monster?” the mother asked in surprise, “there are no monsters in this meadow.”

“The monster that did it, mother, was a wonderful creature, as large, as large —” But they did not know how to tell.

The mother, who was a vain old thing, thought that she could easily make herself as large.

“Was it as big as this?” she asked, blowing and puffing herself out.

“Oh, much bigger than that!” replied the young frogs.

“As large as this, then?” she asked, puffing and blowing again with all her might.

“Nay, mother,” said they; “if you were to try till you burst, you could never be so big.”

The silly old mother frog tried to puff herself out still more, for she was sure she could be as big as anything her children had seen.

“As large, then, as this?” she said, and — puffed herself out till she burst.

The little frogs were sorry their mother tried to be as big as an ox.

NOTES

1. *Æsop's* fables are among the oldest and best known of our stories. *Æsop* was a Greek story teller who lived more than five hundred years before Christ. Tell others of his fables you know.
2. *Mön'stēr*. Here a strange being of great size and horrible form.
3. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: *grāz'ing*, meadow (*měd'ō*),

nō'tic-ing, creature (krē'tûre), sâr'prîse, won'dēr-fûl, vain (vân), blow'ing, pŭff'ing, bûrst.

4. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:

- (a) A large ox was grazing in the meadow.
- (b) "Monster?" the mother asked in surprise.
- (c) "Was it as big as this?" she asked, blowing and puffing herself out.
- (d) If you were to try till you burst, you could never be so big.
- (e) The silly old mother frog tried to puff herself out still more.

EXERCISES

- 1. How did the ox chance to kill the young frog?
- 2. What did the other little frogs tell the mother?
- 3. Why did the mother think there were no monsters in the meadow?
- 4. Why did the mother think she could make herself as large as what her children had seen?
- 5. What did the young frogs tell the mother after she tried twice?
- 6. What finally happened?
- 7. If the frog mother were a person, what kind of person would she be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: Dog and Shadow. The Two Frogs. The Boasting Traveller.

The Tiger, the Brahman, and the Jackal.

GRIMM: The Wolf and the Man.

LANE: Professor Frog's Lecture.

JUDD: Where the Frogs Came From.

ASPINWALL: The Toad. The Toad Boy.

THE OLD LOVE

ALL girls and some boys have played with dolls. Most children think a doll is a fine plaything. One little girl washed her dolly's face, scolded it when it tore its dress, and even spanked it for running away. Another little girl let her dolly wear her beads and even made the dolly a new dress for being so good.

This is a pretty little poem about a lost doll. The little owner loved her doll greatly, but one day lost it in a field. For a long time she could not find it. The poem tells just what happened to the doll and how the little owner still loved it.

THE OLD LOVE

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair so prettily curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the fields one day,
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the fields one day.
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away;
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled,
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears
The prettiest doll in the world.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

NOTES

1. Charles Kingsley wrote this poem because his own little girl cried so hard because she lost her doll and was so happy when she found it a long time afterward.
2. Why do girls love to play with dolls? What doll games, or games with dolls, do you know?
3. *For old sake's sake.* For the sake of the good times she had had with the doll.
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: prettiest (prít'ĩ-ěst), prettily (prít'ĩ-lĩ), curled (kûrld), found, těr'ĩ-bly, changed (chāngd), trodden (tröd' 'n).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) I lost my poor little doll.
 - (b) I cried for her more than a week, dears.
 - (c) I never could find where she lay.
 - (d) Folks say she is terribly changed, dears.
 - (e) She is still, dears, the prettiest doll in the world.

EXERCISES

1. Why did this child think her doll the prettiest in the world?
2. What tells us about the doll?
3. Why did she cry for a week?
4. What gives a hint of how long it was until the doll was found?
5. How was the doll changed?
6. Why did the doll still seem to her the prettiest in the world?
7. Why do children love dolls?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WARD: Come, My Dolly.

FIELD: The Duel.

MACDONALD: The Baby.

STEVENSON: The Land of Storybooks.

HERRICK: Humility.

WORDSWORTH: To a Child.

REJOICE IN GOODNESS

Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.— *Ruskin*.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

THIS is a real adventure story. Peter, one of four little rabbits, did not do what his mother told him to do, and he got into trouble. This story tells how he ran away and just what happened to him. Bad scares and narrow escapes, in which he lost his fine clothes and almost lost his life, are here told of poor little Peter.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

Once upon a time there were four little rabbits. Their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sand bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father had an accident there; he was put into a pie by Mrs. McGregor.

"Run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the

baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail were good little bunnies. They went down the lane to gather blackberries. Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate.

First he ate some lettuce and some French beans. Then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

Round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees, near the cabbages. He jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was frightened. He rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other among the potatoes.

I think he might have escaped if he had not run into a gooseberry net and been caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears. His sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows. They flew to him in great excitement, and begged him to do something.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve. He tried to put it on top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time. He left his jacket behind him, rushed into the tool shed, and jumped into a watering can. It would have been a good can to hide in if there had not been so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed — “Kertzschoo!”

Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon him. Peter jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath, and trembling with fright. He was very damp with sitting in that can, and he had not the least idea which way to go.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity — not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall, but it was locked. There was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorsteps, carrying peas and beans to

her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate. She had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

He tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water cans. A white cat was staring at some goldfish. She sat very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive.

Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her. He had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back toward the tool shed. Suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe — scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch.

Peter crouched underneath the bushes. As nothing happened, he came out, climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor, hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter. Beyond him was the gate.

Peter got down off the wheelbarrow very quietly. He started running as fast as he could along a straight walk behind some black currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped

underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the black-birds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him until he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking. She wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost.

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed. She made some bitter tea, and she gave a dose of it to Peter.

“One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime.”

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.—
Beatrix Potter.

NOTES

1. Have the children bring from home a Peter Rabbit book with pictures.
2. Tell of mischief you have known rabbits to do in the garden.
3. *Flopsy, Mopsy.* Pronounced *flöp'sĩ, möp'sĩ.*
4. *Lĩpp'ĩ-tỹ-lĩpp'ĩ-tỹ.* Words imitating the short, slow gallop of the rabbit when he hops over grass and bushes.

5. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: underneath (ŭn'dēr-nēth), McGregor's (mā-grĕg'ĕrz), accident (ăk'sī-dĕnt), umbrella (ŭm-brĕl'ă), currant (kŭr'ănt), bunnies (bŭn'iz), straight (strāt), squeezed (skwēzd), lettuce (lĕt'is), răd'ish-ĕs, parsley (părs'lī), cucumber (kŭ'kŭm-bĕr), cabbages (kăb'ăj-ĕz), frightened (frīt' 'nd), escaped (ĕs-kăpt'), excitement (ĕk-sit'mĕnt), sieve (siv), wriggled (rĭg' 'ld), trĕm'blĭng, twitched (twĭcht), crouched (kroucht).
6. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
- (a) Don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden.
 - (b) Round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor.
 - (c) It was a blue jacket with brass buttons.
 - (d) He was out of breath, and trembling with fright.
 - (e) Peter got down off the wheelbarrow very quietly.

EXERCISES

1. Who was Peter Rabbit?
2. Why did not Mrs. Rabbit want her children to go into the garden?
3. What tells you the kind of rabbit Peter was?
4. What was his first narrow escape?
5. Tell of Peter's narrow escape from the tool shed.
6. Tell of Peter's trouble to find the gate.
7. Why did he not speak to the cat watching the gold-fish?
8. How did he get out of the garden at last?
9. What became of his little jacket and shoes?
10. What happened to Peter when he reached home?

11. What happened to the little rabbits who did what their mother told them?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BUMSTEAD: The Quest.

NOYES: Pirates.

GRIMM: The Four Musicians.

ÆSOP: The Lion and the Mouse. Belling the Cat.

CARY: The Three Bugs.

ANDERSEN: The Ugly Duckling.

ABBOTT: The Code Barbarian.

THE LITTLE PLANT *

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep!
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep!

“Wake!” said the sunshine,
“And creep to the light!”
“Wake!” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

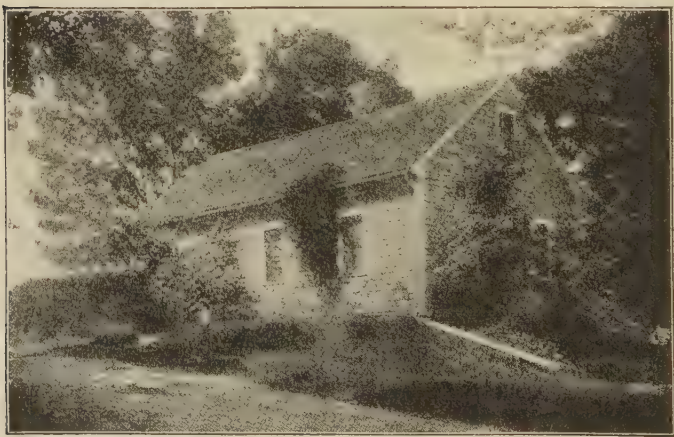
The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

— *Kate Louise Brown.*

* From *The Plant Baby and Its Friends*, published by Silver, Burdett and Company, and used by the special permission of the author.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

“**M**ARY’S LAMB” was a real lamb and “Mary” was a real little girl. Her name was Mary Sawyer. She lived on a farm near Sterling, Massachusetts, over a hundred years ago. Her father gave her one of the weakest little lambs of the flock, and she cared



THE SAWYER HOME, STERLING, MASS.

for it tenderly until it grew strong. The lamb became her pet and playmate. One day her mischievous brother, Nate, seeing the lamb following them to school, asked Mary to let the little pet go with them. Nate wrapped the

lamb in a coat and put it under Mary's seat. When Mary was called to the teacher's desk, the lamb followed. Of course the boys and girls and their teacher, Miss Kimball, all had a good laugh. Poor Mary blushed and trembled. The poor little lamb was taken to the woodshed.

A visitor, Mr. John Roulstone, who happened to be there that morning, saw the funny side of it all and wrote the lines of the first three stanzas. The poem in its completed form first appeared in 1829 in a book of verses for children by Mrs. Sarah Joseph.

The fleece of the lamb was later used to make stockings for Mary. Years afterward these stockings were unraveled and the yarn fastened in small bits on cards bearing Mary's signature. These cards were sold by the women of Boston to help raise funds for repairing the Old South Church, which was partly ruined by British soldiers during the Revolutionary War. This is the poem as it has come down to us.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB*

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

* There are other interesting versions of how this poem originated.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see the lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out;
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then it ran to her, and laid
Its head upon her arm
As if to say, "I'm not afraid —
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you, each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

— *John Roulstone.*

NOTES

1. The old schoolhouse still stands near the Sawyer homestead at Sterling, Massachusetts. In 1888, a new schoolhouse was built across the road, but the old schoolhouse was preserved.

2. Tell of incidents you know in which children have shown kindness to animals.
3. Let each pupil tell of his pets.
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: Mā'rŷ, lamb (lām), fleece (flēs), everywhere (ĕv'ēr-ĭ-hwâr'), followed (fōl'ōd), against (ă-gĕnst'), lingered (lĭn'gĕrd), patiently (pā'shĕnt-lĭ), eager (ĕ'gĕr), rĕ-plŷ', cōn'fĭ-dĕnce, bind.
5. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Mary had a little lamb.
 - (b) It made the children laugh and play.
 - (c) But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about.
 - (d) You'll keep me from all harm.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the story of Mary Sawyer.
2. How did this poem first come to be written?
3. Why did the lamb follow Mary?
4. How did it come to be in school?
5. What showed the lamb's love for Mary?
6. What made this pet love Mary?
7. How can one easily make friends with animals?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WORDSWORTH: The Pet Lamb.

THAXTER: Little Gustava.

WESTWOOD: Little Bell.

CARY: A Lesson of Mercy.

SEWELL: Black Beauty.

SAUNDERS: Beautiful Joe.

THE LOST NAIL

“For want of a nail, the shoe is lost;
For want of a shoe, the horse is lost;
For want of a horse, the rider is lost.”

THIS is an old way of saying, “A stitch in time saves nine,” or “Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves.” The meaning of the old saying about the nail, the shoe, the horse, and the rider is shown in the following story.

THE LOST NAIL

A merchant had done good business at the fair. He had sold his wares and filled his bag with gold and silver. Then he set out at once on his journey home, for he wished to be in his own house before night.

At noon he rested in a town. When he wanted to go on, the stable boy brought his horse, saying,—

“A nail is wanting, sir, in the shoe of his left hind foot.”

“Let it be wanting,” answered the merchant; “the shoe will stay on for the six miles I have yet to go. I am in a hurry.” In the afternoon he got down at an inn and had his horse fed. The stable boy came into the room and said,—

"Sir, a shoe is wanting from your horse's left hind foot. Shall I take him to the blacksmith?"

"Let it still be wanting," said the man; "the horse can very well hold out for two or three miles more. I am in a hurry."

So the merchant rode forth, but before long the horse began to limp. The horse had not limped long before he began to stumble, and he had not stumbled long before he fell down and broke his leg. The merchant had to leave the horse where he fell, and unstrap the bag, take it on his back, and go home on foot.

"That unlucky nail," said he to himself, "has made all this trouble."—*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

NOTES

1. Read other stories from Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. The Grimms' Fairy Tales are among the best of the Old World tales.
2. Tell of little things you have known persons to neglect. What was the result?
3. Dramatize this story. Have different children act the parts of the merchant, the first stable boy, and the second stable boy. Let the children help the one acting as merchant to supply the conversation which tells what happened to the merchant near the close of the journey.
4. *Fair* (*fâr*). A place where goods are bought, sold, or traded. People used to have good times visiting and playing games at the old merchant fairs or festivals.
5. *Wares* (*wârs*). Goods he had brought to sell.

6. *Wanting* (*wônt'ing*). Missing, lost.
7. *Inn*. The name of the old time roadside hotel, or public stopping place for travelers.
8. Pronounce and give the meanings of as here used:
 merchant (*mûr'chănt*), business (*bîz'něs*), journey (*jûr'nî*), hurry (*hûr'î*), fôrth, lîmp, stûm'ble, ŭn-străp', un-lûck'ŷ.
9. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Then he set out at once on his journey home.
 - (b) A nail is wanting, sir, in the shoe of his left hind foot.
 - (c) The horse can very well hold out for two or three miles more.
 - (d) Before long the horse began to limp.
 - (e) That unlucky nail has made all this trouble.

EXERCISES

1. Where had the merchant been?
2. Where did he wish to be before night?
3. What did the stable boy tell him at noon?
4. What was the merchant's answer?
5. What did the second stable boy tell the merchant?
6. What did the merchant say?
7. Tell what happened to the merchant's horse.
8. How did the merchant at last reach home?
9. What had caused all his trouble?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

RICHARDS: Good Advice.

GRIMM: Faithful John.

CRANE: Boy Wanted.

O'REILLY: Habits.

KEBLE: All Things Beautiful.

EMERSON: The Mountain and the Squirrel.

GOULD: The Pebble and the Acorn.

TRUSTY HANS

“’**F**RAID CAT! ’Fraid cat!” was what some boys were calling a playmate. The playmate would not go fishing with them. He had promised his mother that he would take care of his baby brother. The little fellow had read this story of a shepherd boy who would not leave his sheep. After you have read this story you will know why he did not care if the boys did call him “’Fraid cat.”

TRUSTY HANS

Hans was a shepherd boy. He watched his sheep in a meadow near a great forest.

One day a hunter came out of the forest. He asked Hans how far it was to the nearest town.

“It is six miles, sir,” Hans answered. “But the road is only a sheep track, and it is not easy to follow.”

The hunter said, “My boy, I have been lost in the forest. I am very tired and hungry. If you will leave your sheep and show me the way, I will pay you well.”

“I cannot leave my sheep,” said Hans. “They would stray into the wood and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers.”

“Well, what of that?” said the hunter. “They are not your sheep, and I will pay you more than you could earn in a whole year.”

“Sir, I cannot go,” said Hans. “My master pays me to mind his sheep. I cannot leave them until my day’s work is done. If any of the sheep were lost, I should be as much to blame as if I had stolen them.

“Then,” said the hunter, “will you trust your sheep with me, while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide. I will take care of them for you.”

Hans shook his head. “The sheep do not know your voice, and —”

“And what?” asked the hunter. “Can’t you trust me? Do I look like a thief?”

“No,” said Hans, “but you tried to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word to me?”

The hunter laughed. “You are right, my boy,” said he. “I wish I could trust my friends as your master can trust you. Show me the sheep path. I will try to follow it without a guide.”

“You said you were hungry,” said Hans. “Would you like some of my bread and cheese?”

The hunter gladly took the bread and cheese. As he was eating it, a shout came from the

forest. A number of horsemen rode from among the trees toward the hunter.

"We thought you were lost or killed, sire," they cried.

Then Hans learned that the hunter was the king of the country.

The poor boy feared the great man would be angry with him. The king was not angry. He smiled kindly and praised the boy's honesty.

A few days after this, the king sent word that he wished to see Hans at the palace.

"My good boy," he said, "I think that you are to be trusted. I want you to serve me."

So Hans became a servant in the household of the king.— *German Folk-Tale*.

NOTES

1. Tell other stories you have read of boys who stuck to their work.
2. Tell of the things that lead a boy or girl to forget work.
3. Tell of boys or girls who stuck to their work when they wanted to have fun with other children.
4. *Trüs'tý Hāns*. *Hans* is the German name for *John*. A *trusty* boy is one who can be trusted to do his work.
5. *Mīnd*. To take care of, to watch.
6. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: shepherd (shěp'ěrd), hūn'tēr, hungry (hūn'grī), stray, stolen (stō'l'n), guide (gīd), laughed (läft), praised (prāzd), palace

(pǎl'ās), house'hōld, honesty (ōn'ēs-tī), faithfully (fāth'fool-ī).

7. Read slowly and distinctly:

- (a) He watched his sheep in a meadow near a great forest.
- (b) I have been lost in the forest.
- (c) They would stray into the wood.
- (d) My master pays me to mind his sheep.
- (e) Can't you trust me? Do I look like a thief?

EXERCISES

1. Who was Hans, and what was he paid to do?
2. What did Hans tell the lost hunter?
3. Why would not Hans leave his sheep?
4. What offer did the hunter make?
5. Why would not Hans leave his sheep with the hunter?
6. Then what did the hunter tell Hans?
7. What kindness did Hans show the hunter?
8. How did Hans find who the hunter was?
9. Why was not the king angry with Hans?
10. Why did the king want Hans to serve him?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf.

HANS ANDERSEN: Hans Clodhopper.

KROUT: Little Brown Hands.

STODDART: Work While You Work.

RILEY: A Simple Recipe.

BAILEY: We Live in Deeds.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

THIS is a poem about a tramp. If a tramp can work and will not, he deserves no help. The tramp in this poem could work but preferred to sing and dance. The tramps in a beehive, or the drones, are usually stung to death. This poem tells what happened to the cricket tramp when winter came, and gives a hint of what is likely to happen to all who refuse to "lay up something for a rainy day."

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer
 and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
 Not a crumb to be found
 On the snow-covered ground;
 Not a flower could he see,
 Not a leaf on a tree.
"Oh, what will become," said the cricket, "of
 me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,

Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain,
A mouthful of grain;
He wished only to borrow;
He'd repay it to-morrow:
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Said the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant
and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never
lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket,
"Not I.

My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."

"You sang, sir, you say?
Go, then," said the ant, "and dance winter
away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little
cricket.

Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without
food.

— *After Æsop.*

NOTES

1. See Æsop's fable "The Ants and the Grasshopper."
This is the same story in rhyme, except that the cricket appears instead of the grasshopper.
2. Tell of people you know who resemble the ant as workers. Do you know of any who waste their time?
3. Tell of all the plans you know by which persons lay up something for the future.
4. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: complained (kǒm'plānd), accustomed (ǎ-kūs'tūmd), cūp'board (kūb'ērd), stār-vā'tion, fām'īne, driḡp'pīng, miserly (mī'zēr-lǐ), borrow (bór'ō), serv'ǎnt, weather (wēth'ēr), hās'tī-ly, wick'ēt.
5. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring, began to complain.
 - (b) Away he set off to a miserly ant.
 - (c) Said the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend."
 - (d) We ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
 - (e) "Go, then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

EXERCISES

1. What did the cricket do in spring and summer?
2. Why did he complain?
3. What caused him to go to the ant?
4. How could he repay what he "borrowed"?
5. Why do ants neither borrow nor lend?

6. What question did the ant ask the cricket?
7. What was the cricket's answer?
8. Why did the ant tell the cricket to "dance winter away"?
9. Do you think the ant was too hard on the cricket?
10. If the cricket were a person, what kind of person would he be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Ant and the Grasshopper. The Cats and the Monkey.

The Lamb and the Wolf. The Lark and the Farmer. Buried Treasure.

PROVERBS: Chapter VI.

O'REILLY: Habits.

BUTTERWORTH: Thinking Only of Myself.

COOPER: Grasshopper Green.

JUDD: Old Grasshopper Gay.

BINGHAM: Mrs. Grasshopper Gay.

WATTS: How Doth the Little Busy Bee.

HAMMARSTRÖM: Adventures of Two Ants.

DODGE: Good Mistress Ant, I Pray.

ARIEL'S SONG

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
— *William Shakespeare.*

THE BURIED TREASURE

WE all like to find money. If we could discover a great gold mine, we should be happy. We are all like Aladdin who wanted to get gold, silver, and precious stones for nothing. We want to get rich without working. It must have been the same feeling that made the two sons in this story dig so hard for buried treasure. Their dying father told them he could leave them nothing but his orchard, but that a great treasure was buried in it. The story tells how the boys found the wonderful treasure.

THE BURIED TREASURE

Once there was an old man who had a large orchard. And he also had two sons. One day he fell very ill and knew that he was about to die. So he had his two sons called to his bedside.

“My dear sons,” he said to them, “I am about to die. I have nothing to leave you but the orchard. However, there is a treasure buried in the orchard. Be sure you do not give up until you discover it.”

Soon after this, the old man died. And in a few days, his older son said, "Let us now go and look for the treasure which our father said was in the orchard. But why did he not tell us just where in the orchard this treasure is? It would have saved us a lot of hard labor. Now very likely we shall have to look for it a long time."

"That is true," said the younger son. "And we may as well begin our search." So they went out into the orchard and walked all over it, trying to find a place that looked as if it had a treasure buried in it. They did not see a single spot which looked as if a pot of gold lay buried beneath it. They dug here and they dug there but did not discover anything but dirt and stones.

Finally, the older one said, "There is just one thing to do — we must dig the orchard all over till we find where the treasure is buried."

So they began at one corner of the orchard to dig. They dug and dug and dug. Day in and day out, they might have been seen digging in the orchard. The neighbors had never seen them so active before. In a month or more, they had gone all over their orchard with their spades. But not a particle of treasure did they find.

Then the younger son said, "It must be deeper

down in the earth. We have not gone deep enough." And they went to digging again and dug the orchard all over once more. But dig as they would they turned up neither gold nor silver — nothing but soil and stones. "What could our father have meant by speaking of a treasure for us to discover in the orchard?" said one.

"I do not think he meant anything!" said the other brother crossly. "We were great fools to do all that work for nothing. For my part, I do not want ever to see the old orchard again."

"I do not think he meant nothing," answered the younger son. "My father was far too sensible a man to do a thing of that sort. But I wish I could discover what he did mean!"

Now the orchard could have told him. But it did not do it. It preserved the secret well. But the thorough loosening of the earth about their roots gave the trees fresh life. In the autumn, they were fairly bent with fruit.

Never had so much or such fine fruit been seen on them before! The brothers gathered their fruit and sold it for a great sum of money.

"That is what my father must have meant!" cried the younger son joyously as he counted his gold. "He meant to show us that work alone brings a real treasure!"—*Æsop (adapted)*.

NOTES

1. Read the story of Captain Kidd and how for years persons have searched for his hidden gold.
2. *Buried treasure* (bĕr'ĭd trĕzh'ŭr). In olden times the one who found a treasure could keep it. In England and in some other countries, treasure found belongs to the King. All treasures found on the high seas belong to the finder.
3. Pronounce and give meanings of as here used:
orchard (ôr'chĕrd), discover (ďis-kŭv'ĕr), like'ly,
search (sŭrch), cōr'nĕr, ďig'gĭng, neighbor (nā'bĕr):
pār'tĭ-cle, crōss'ly, sĕn'sĭ-ble, prĕ'sĕrved, autumn
(ô'tŭm).
4. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) There is a treasure buried in the orchard.
 - (b) We may as well begin our search.
 - (c) We must dig the orchard all over till we find where the treasure is buried.
 - (d) Not a particle of treasure did they find.
 - (e) He meant to show us that work alone brings a real treasure.

EXERCISES

1. What only could the man leave his two sons?
2. What did he tell them about the orchard?
3. Why did the sons complain?
4. What first search did they make?
5. What did they at last decide to do?
6. Why had the neighbors never seen them so active before?
7. What were the results of their second search?
8. What did they find in a third search?

9. Why did the one brother never want to see the orchard again?
10. What did the other brother think about the matter?
11. What did the younger son finally discover that his father meant?
12. Tell the story in your own words.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GREENWOOD: The End of the Rainbow.

SCUDDER: The Image and the Treasure.

ARABIAN NIGHTS: Aladdin's Lamp.

HAWTHORNE: The Great Carbuncle.

POE: The Gold Bug.

STOCKTON: Fanciful Tales.

GRIMM: Star Dollars. The Gold Children.

ISAACS: The Inheritance.

WILKINS: The Pot of Gold.

RICHARDS: A Fortune.

PEACE AT HOME

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

— *Isaac Watts.*

THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN

FEW of us like to be told how to act. We would rather find out for ourselves. Poets who write about us are anxious to let us discover life truths. Instead of telling us face to face what kind of people we are, they write about animals or other beings that act and speak like men and women. In the following poem, we are allowed to learn something interesting in the queer talk of the robin and the chicken, who really act and speak like people.

THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN

A plump little robin flew down from a tree,
To hunt for a worm, which he happened to
see;

A frisky young chicken came scampering by,
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer-looking chicken
is that!

Its wings so long and its body so fat!"

While the robin remarked loud enough to be
heard,

"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird."

“Can you sing?” robin asked, and the chicken
said “No,”

But asked in his turn if the robin could crow.
So the bird sought a tree, and the chicken a
wall,

And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

— *Grace F. Coolidge.*

NOTES

1. What have you seen animals do that reminds you of persons?
2. In what ways have you noticed animals imitating persons?
3. In what ways, if any, do persons you have known resemble or imitate animals?
4. Articulation drill:
 - (a) A plump little robin flew down from a tree.
 - (b) A frisky young chicken came scampering by.
 - (c) “Can you sing?” robin asked.
5. Pronounce correctly and drill for distinct enunciation on the following: rŏb'ín, chĭck'ĕn, plŭmp, flew (flū), frĭsk'y, scāmp'ēr-īng, queer-look'īng (kwēr), wings, ĕx-ceed'īng-lŷ, knew (nū), sought (sôt), thought (thôt), gazed (gāz'd).
6. Be prepared to give the meanings of the words under note 5.

EXERCISES

1. Describe the robin and the chicken.
2. Why did the chicken think the robin was a queer-looking chicken?

3. Why did the robin think the chicken was a strange-looking bird?
4. Why did the robin ask, "Can you sing?"
5. Why did the chicken ask if the robin could crow?
6. If the robin were a person what kind of a person would it be?
7. If the chicken were a person what kind of a person would it be?
8. What have you known persons to do which reminds you of the robin and the chicken?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOWITT: The Spider and the Fly.

BANGS: The Little Elf-Man.

LEAR: The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.

FIELD: The Duel.

COWPER: The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.

GOULD: The Pebble and the Acorn.

EMERSON: The Mountain and the Squirrel.

ÆSOP: The Fox and the Grapes. The Dog and His Shadow. The Hare and the Tortoise. The Wind and the Sun.

RICHARDS: The Lazy Robin.

BETWEEN BEST FRIENDS

No man can feel himself alone
The while he bravely stands
Between the best friends ever known —
His two good, honest hands.

— *Nixon Waterman.*

SILLY MATT

THERE is usually no fun when everything goes wrong. But we cannot help laughing at those who do things backward. "Discreet Hans" in Germany, "Silly Matt" in Norway, and "Epaminondas" among the colored people, are folk tales of foolish boys who always do things wrong. While children laugh at such silly mistakes, they are always glad they are not the silly ones. How well the mother of "Silly Matt" succeeded in getting her son to work hard to make a living, and the many silly blunders he made, are shown in this story.

SILLY MATT

Matt lived with his mother beside a stream. He was both idle and lazy. He did little all day long but yawn and stretch himself before the fire.

His mother thought that he might build a bridge across the stream, and take toll from those who went over it. Then he would have something to do and something to live on. Matt thought that this would be easy. He hewed down timber, and built a bridge. It took a long time, but at last it was done.

Now his work was to stand at one end of the bridge and take toll of all who went over. His mother warned him to let no one pass over without paying toll. Those who had no money must pay with the goods they carried.

The first day, three men with hay came to cross the bridge.

"No, no," said Matt, "you can't go over until you've paid the toll."

"We have no money," they said.

"Then you cannot cross; but hay will do as well as money." So the men gave him some hay, and went over the bridge.

Next came a peddler with his pack.

"You must pay toll," said Matt.

"I have nothing to pay it with," said the peddler.

"You can pay it with some of your wares," said Matt. So the peddler gave him two needles out of his pack, and went over the bridge.

Then Matt went home. "Mother," he said, "I have taken toll, and I have something to live on."

"What did you get?" asked his mother.

"Oh, three men gave me hay, and a peddler gave me two needles."

"What did you do with the hay?"

"I tried to eat it, but it tasted like grass, so I threw it into the river."

"You should have spread it out on the floor," said his mother.

"I'll do that next time, mother," said Matt.

"What did you do with the needles?"

"I stuck them in the hay."

"Ah!" cried his mother, "you are a silly boy! You should have stuck them in and out of your cap."

"I'll be sure to do that next time, mother," said Matt.

The next day Matt went again to the bridge to take toll. Soon a man came from the mill, carrying a bag of meal.

"You can't cross till you pay toll," said Matt.

"I have no money," said the man.

"You can pay with goods." So the man gave him a pound of meal for his toll.

Not long after, a smith wanted to cross. He had no money, so he gave Matt a gimlet.

When Matt went home, his mother asked him about the toll.

"Oh," said Matt, "a miller gave me a pound of meal, and a smith gave me a gimlet."

"What did you do with the gimlet?" asked his mother.

"I did as you told me, mother, I stuck it in and out of my cap."

"Silly boy," cried his mother; "you should

have put it up your shirt sleeve. Tell me what you did with the meal."

"Oh, I did just as you told me to do. I spread it over the floor."

"Dear, dear, you should have come home for a pail to put it into."

"Well, well, mother, I'll try to do just as you say next time," said Matt.

The next day, as Matt stood on the bridge, a milkman wished to cross. He paid Matt a pint of milk for his toll. A man who came soon after with a drove of goats gave him a little billy goat.

When Matt went home, his mother said, "What did you take to-day?"

"A milkman gave me a pint of milk, and a man with a drove of goats gave me a little billy goat."

"What did you do with the milk, Matt?"

"I did as you told me, mother; I poured it up my sleeve."

"Oh, Matt, you should have come home for a bottle to put it into. Now tell me what you did with the billy goat."

"I put the billy goat into the pail that I took with me this morning."

"Dear, dear," said his mother; "you should have twisted a little branch around its neck and led it home."

"I'll be sure to do as you say next time," said Matt.

The next day a man with butter came to cross the bridge. He paid toll with a pat of butter.

Matt ran off to the willow tree for a little branch. This he twisted around the butter and dragged it home along the road. But when he reached home there was no butter left.

"What did you take to-day?" asked his mother.

"A man gave me a pat of butter."

"Butter!" cried the mother. "What did you do with it?"

"I did just as you told me to do, mother," said Matt. "I tied a little branch around it and led it home; but it was all lost on the way."

"How foolish you are!" said his mother. "You might have had meat and drink, hay and tools, but you will never have anything until you get more sense." — *Norse Folk-Tale*.

NOTES

1. Read "Discreet Hans," the German folk-tale, and "Epaminondas," the story of the blundering colored boy.
2. What mistakes have you known boys, girls, and grown-ups to make when they ought to have known better?
3. How have you known persons to save themselves trouble by using good sense?

4. Pronounce and give meanings of as here used: lā'zy, yawn (yôn), toll, hewed (hūd), tīm'bēr, pack, warned (wôrnd), wares (wârz), needles (nē'dlz), gĭm'lēt, drōve, poured (pōrd), twisted (twĭst' 'd), bū'tēr, willow (wĭl'ō).
- (5) Read slowly and distinctly:
- (a) You can't go over until you've paid the toll.
 - (b) The peddler gave him two needles out of his pack.
 - (c) You should have spread it out on the floor.
 - (d) You should have twisted a little branch around its neck.
 - (e) I did just as you told me to do, mother.

EXERCISES

1. What kind of boy was Matt?
2. How did his mother plan for him to make money?
3. Why did Matt think that would be easy?
4. What warning did his mother give?
5. What did Matt do with the first toll?
6. What did his mother say?
7. What did he do with the toll the second day?
8. What did his mother say he should have done?
9. What did he do with the milk and billy goat? Why?
10. Why did he do as he did with the butter?
11. What did his mother say at last?
12. What do you think was wrong with Matt?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GRIMM: Clever Hans. Hansel and Grethel.

NEGRO FOLK-TALE: Epaminondas.

ÆSOP: The Boy and the Wolf.

KIPLING: The Law of the Jungle.

CARY: They Didn't Think.

HARRISON: Hans and the Four Great Giants.

ASPINWALL: Disobedient Island.

THE LAND OF STORYBOOKS

BOOKS tell us of lands and people we have not known. We like to read fairy tales, stories of adventure, or stories of plants and animals. When Robert Louis Stevenson was a grown man, he wrote poems telling of what he enjoyed as a boy. The kinds of storybooks which pleased him most, and his strange adventures in the land of storybooks, are here told. Every one who has ever enjoyed a storybook will want to read the poem.

THE LAND OF STORYBOOKS*

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,

* Used by permission of and by special arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons.

And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

And these are hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.



COPYRIGHT, MARY BIGSBEE KER

ONE OF US MUST DIE

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Storybooks.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NOTES

1. Read Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses."
2. Robert Louis Stevenson was born at Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. At the age of thirty-five, he published "A Child's Garden of Verses," a popular book of child poetry. He was a man who never forgot the fun and adventures of childhood, and one who could tell them so as to charm any child.
3. Tell of some of the best stories you have read. Tell of any you acted out after reading them.
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: ēve'nīng, á-round', lămp, pâr'ěnts, anything (ěn'ī-thīng), crăwl, fôr'ěst, spy (spī), hūnt'ěr, stăr'ry, sōl'ī-tūdes, rōar'īng, fire'līt, In'dī ăn scout, prowled, băck'ward (wěrd).
5. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Around the fire my parents sit.
 - (b) Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall.
 - (c) These are my starry solitudes.
 - (d) I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay.
 - (e) Home I return across the sea.

EXERCISES

1. Why does the child say his parents do not play at anything?
2. Where is this child's land of storybooks?
3. How does he "play at books" he has read?
4. What does he play in that land?
5. What other persons are in that land?
6. To what does he liken himself?
7. When the nurse comes, how does he "return across the sea"?
8. Why does he go to bed with backward looks?
9. What is the land of storybooks?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: Picture Books in Winter. The Land of Nod. The Land of Counterpane. The Lamplighter.

ANDERSEN: A Picture Book Without Pictures.

GRIMM BROTHERS: Fairy Stories.

NOYES: Pirates.

ALCOTT: Little Men. Little Women.

RICHARDS: Captain January. Child's Play.

SHERMAN: The Shadows.

VIOLETS

Violets! deep blue violets!

April's loveliest coronets!

There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,
None by the dew of twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue violet.

— *L. E. Landon.*

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

WE have all hunted rabbits, or squirrels, or butterflies, or other things we could catch. As very young children we tried to get the moon or the stars, and even tried to hold the sunlight in our hands. Here is a true story of a little girl who really tried to find the end of the rainbow, for her brother told her that "purses of money, and great pots of gold and silver" might be found by anyone who should get to the end of the rainbow.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

One summer afternoon I was standing at the window looking at a beautiful rainbow. My sick brother Rufus was looking out with me.

"See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars."

"Do you know, Gracie," said my brother, "if you should get to the end of the rainbow, you would find there purses of money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

"Is it truly so?" I asked.

"Truly so," replied my brother with a smile.

I was a simple child and believed all that was told me. Without a word I darted from the door and ran toward the wood.

My brother called me, but I did not heed him. I was sure I knew just where the rainbow ended.

I was glad and proud in my thoughts. What fine presents I promised to my friends out of my riches!

I reached the cedar grove, but the end of the rainbow was not there. I saw it shining down among the trees a little farther off. So I struggled on through thick bushes and over logs, till I came within sound of a stream.

Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come down right in the middle of that deep brook! My heavy pots of gold and silver, my purses of money! How should I ever get them out?"

I reached the bank of the stream, and could see the rainbow a little way off on the other side.

I crossed on a fallen log and ran on. The woods grew thicker and darker, the ground more wet and swampy.

All at once I met a large porcupine who made himself still larger as he looked at me. I was afraid he would shoot his sharp quills at me. So I ran from him as fast as my tired feet could carry me.

In my fright I forgot to look at the rainbow.

When at last I remembered, it was nowhere in sight. It had quite faded away. I burst into tears, for I had lost all my treasures. I had nothing to show for my pains but muddy feet and a wet, torn dress.

So I started back home. I soon found that my troubles had only begun. I could not find my way. I was lost.

I could not tell which way was east or west, north or south. So I wandered about here and there, crying and calling.

After a time I heard voices shouting. Instead of being glad, I was afraid that the Indians were upon me.

I crawled under some bushes by a large log and lay still. I was wet, cold, scared. When the voices came nearer, I did not show myself.

At last I heard my own name called. I remembered the Indians were very cunning. They might have found it out in some way, so I did not answer.

Soon some one sprang up on the log by which I lay, and stood there calling. I could not see his face, only the tips of his toes. I saw he wore a nice pair of boots.

Yet I remembered that some Indians dressed like white people. So I kept quiet until I heard a pet name shouted over me. It was

one my oldest brother had given me. It was the funniest name in the world.

I knew that no Indian knew this name, as it was a little family secret. So I sprang up and caught my brother by the ankles.

I hardly think an Indian could have given a louder yell than he did. He jumped so that he fell off the log down by my side. But nobody was hurt.

After kissing me until he had kissed away all my tears he put me on his shoulder. Calling my other brothers, who were hunting in different directions, we all set out for home.

When I went into the room where Rufus was, he said: "Why, my poor little sister! I did not mean to send you off on such a wild-goose chase. I thought you would know I was only joking."

Then my oldest brother took me on his knee and told me what the rainbow really is. It is only "painted air" and does not rest on the earth, so nobody can find the end. — *Adapted from Grace Greenwood.*

NOTES

1. "Grace Greenwood" is the pen name of Sara Jane Clarke Lippincott, an American writer who was born in New York in 1823 and died in 1904. She wrote many beautiful stories for children and, in her later years, became a noted lecturer.

2. How is the rainbow made? Did you ever make one by letting the sun shine through a glass of water or a glass prism? Did you ever see one in the spray from a garden hose?
3. Tell how many things you know people have tried to do or get and could not.
4. *Wild-goose chase.* A useless search.
5. *Painted air.* Raindrops in the air separate the white light of the sun into all the colors from red to violet. What we then see is colored, or painted, air. We call it the rainbow.
6. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: sĭm'ple, rainbow (rān'bō), cedars (sē'dērz), dārt'ed, hēēd, proud, presents (prēz'ěnts), strūg'glēd, crossed (krōst), swampy (swōmp'ī), pōr'cū-pīne, quills, fād'ēd, treasures (trēzh'ūrz), mūd'dy, wandered (wōn'dērd), shout'ing, crawled (krōld), dīff'ēr-ěnt, direction (dī-rěk'shŭn).
7. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) I was standing at the window looking at a beautiful rainbow.
 - (b) Without a word I darted from the door and ran toward the wood.
 - (c) I crossed on a fallen log and ran on.
 - (d) He jumped so that he fell off the log down by my side.
 - (e) I did not mean to send you off on such a wild-goose chase.

EXERCISES

1. Why did Gracie think the rainbow dropped down among the cedars?

2. What tale did her brother tell her?
3. What shows she believed the story?
4. What tells how certain she was that she would succeed?
5. What difficulties and surprises did she meet?
6. What had she to show for her search?
7. Why was she not glad when she heard voices shouting?
8. Tell how she tried to hide and how she finally knew it was her brother who called.
9. Why did she not know her brother was joking?
10. What had little Gracie learned from this experience?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.

Jack and the Bean Stalk.

BUMSTEAD: The Quest.

SIMS: Lights of London Town.

HAWTHORNE: The Lily's Quest.

WIGGIN: Timothy's Quest.

Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp.

RICHARDS: The Golden Windows.

ANDERSEN: The Loveliest Rose in the World, Golden Treasure.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY

This world is full of beauty,
Like other worlds above,
And if we did our duty
It might be full of love.

— *Gerald Massey.*

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

OUR flag is a sign that the people of our country stand together as one family. We love the flag because it stands for liberty. "Every color means liberty, every thread means liberty, every form of star and beam of light means liberty." The first American flag was made by Betsy Ross of Philadelphia. Her old home is now known as the birthplace of the American flag. The school children all over the country have sent in their pennies and nickels and dimes to preserve the old flag-home. To Americans, there is no other flag like our Stars and Stripes. It is "the one flag — the great flag — the flag for me and you." Whenever an American sees his flag, he ought to say to himself the words of the flag salute as written by J. D. Alexander, true patriot and lover of the flag:

To God and my country
My head and heart I give;
One country, flag, and language,
As long as I shall live.

In the following poem the author shows how each one of us should feel toward his country's flag.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG*

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

I know where the prettiest colors are;
And I'm sure, if I only knew
How to get them here, I could make a flag
Of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright;
And put them together, side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The Red, the White, and the Blue.

Then hurrah for the flag! our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

— *Lydia Avery Coonley Ward.*

* Used by the courteous permission of the author.

NOTES

1. The first truly American flag was provided for in a resolution adopted by the American Congress, June 14, 1777. The first official flag under this resolution was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross of Philadelphia at the request of a committee of Congress accompanied by General Washington. June fourteenth is now set aside as Flag Day.
2. In how many ways have you known men and women to show respect for the flag?
3. Drill on the flag salute:
*I give my head and my heart to my country;
One country, one language, one flag.*
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: hue (hū), grănd, prettiest (prīt'ī-čst), glō'rī-ous (ūs), ēve'nīng, shīn'īng, through (thrū), flēec'y, rainbow (rān'bō), stripes, hūr-rāh'.
Example: Flowers of every tint, or *hue*, grew in the meadow.
5. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) There are many flags in many lands.
 - (b) I could make a flag of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."
 - (c) I would cut a piece from an evening sky.
 - (d) Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright.
 - (e) We mean to be ever true to this land of ours.

EXERCISES

1. Who was the maker of our first flag?
2. How does our flag compare with the flags of other lands?
3. Where would the poet get the blue for the flag?
4. Where would she get the white?

5. Where would she get the red?
6. Why does she not make the flag as she plans it?
7. What is the connection between the flag and our country?
8. Why does the poet exclaim, "Then hurrah for the flag!"?
9. How may each one be true to his flag?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BENNETT: The Flag Goes By.
DRAKE: The American Flag.
NESBIT: A Song for Flag Day.
KEY: The Star-Spangled Banner.
RILEY: The Name of Old Glory.
SANGSTER: A Song for Our Flag.
WILDER: Stand by the Flag!
MACY: The Flag.
STANTON: The Old Flag Forever.
IRVING: Betsy's Battle Flag.

I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heavens that bend above me
And the good that I can do;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that lack resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.

— *G. Linnæus Banks.*

THE THREE WISHES

WHEN a child sees the first star in the evening, he says:

“Star light,
Star bright,
The first star I’ve seen to-night!
I wish I may,
I wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night!”

This is an old rhyme by which for many years children have played their wishes would come true. Older folk are much like children. Often they notice others with finer clothes, better houses, or more money, and, like children, they wish for many things they should not have.

In this story, a beautiful fairy promised a man and his wife that their first three wishes should come true. Read the story and you will find what is likely to happen to those who wish for any but the best things.

THE THREE WISHES

There was once a man, not very rich, who had a pretty woman for his wife. One winter’s evening, as he sat by the fire, they talked of the happiness of their neighbors, who were richer than they.

Said the wife, "If it were in my power to have what I wish, I should be happier than all of them."

"So should I, too," said the husband; "I wish we had fairies now, and that one of them would grant me what I might ask."

At that instant they saw a very beautiful lady in their room, who said, "I am a fairy and I promise to grant you the three first wishes you shall wish. But, take care; after having wished for three things, I will not grant one wish further." The fairy disappeared, and the man and his wife were much perplexed.

"For my own part," said the wife, "if it is left to my choice, I know very well what I shall wish for. I do not wish yet, but I think nothing is so good as to be handsome, rich, and to be of good quality."

But the husband answered, "With all these things one might be sick, fretful, and one might die young. It would be much wiser to wish for health, cheerfulness, and a long life."

"But of what use is a long life with poverty?" said the wife. "It would only prolong our misery. In truth, the fairy should have promised us a dozen gifts, for there are at least a dozen things which I want."

"That's true," said the husband, "but let us take time. Let us consider, from this time

till morning, the three things which are most necessary for us, and then wish."

"I'll think all night," said the wife, "meanwhile, let us warm ourselves, for it is very cold."

At the same time the wife took the tongs to mend the fire. Seeing there were a great many coals lighted, she said, without thinking, "Here's a nice fire; I wish we had a yard of black pudding for our supper. We could dress it easily." She had hardly said these words, when down the chimney came tumbling a yard of black pudding for supper.

"Oh, you silly woman," said her husband. "There's a fine wish indeed! Now we have only two left; for my part, I am so vexed, that I wish the black pudding fast to the tip of your nose."

The man soon perceived that he was sillier than his wife; for at that second wish up starts the black pudding, and sticks so fast to the tip of his poor wife's nose, there was no means to take it off.

"Wretch that I am!" cried she. "You are a wicked man for wishing the pudding fast to my nose."

"My dear," answered the husband, "I did not think of it; but what shall we do? I am about wishing for vast riches, and I shall have a golden case made to hide the pudding."

“Not at all,” answered the wife, “for I should kill myself were I to live with this pudding dangling at my nose. We have still a wish to make. Leave it to me, or I shall instantly throw myself out of the window.” And with this she ran and opened the window.

Her husband, who loved his wife, called out, “Hold, my dear wife; I give you leave to wish for what you will.”

“Well,” said the wife, “my wish is, that this pudding may fall off.”

At that instant the pudding dropped off.

The wife, who did not want for wit, said to her husband, “The fairy was in the right. Let us wish for nothing, and take things as it shall please God to send them. In the meantime, let us sup upon our pudding, since that is all that remains to us of our three wishes.”

The husband wisely thought that his wife was right. They supped merrily, and never gave themselves any further trouble about the things which they had meant to wish for.—*Charles Perrault.*

NOTES

1. C. P. Perrault is a French writer who has written many interesting stories for children. He also collected and re-wrote a number of the old stories which all have liked.
2. If you were given only three wishes, what would they be?

3. How much can you tell of people by what they wish?
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: hăp'pī-něss, husband (hŭz'bănd), fairies (fâr'îz), disappeared (dîs'-ă-pērd'), perplexed (pěr-plĕkst'), choice (chois), quality (kwŏl'î-tî), frĕt'ful (fŏol), pŏv'ēr-tŭ, prŏ-lŏng', misery (mîz'ēr-î), tongs (tŏngz), pudding (pŏod'îng), chĭm'ney, tŭm'bling, vexed (vĕkst), perceived (pěr-sĕvd'), dăz'zĭng, ĭn'stănt-lŭ.

5. Read slowly and distinctly:

- (a) At that instant they saw a very beautiful fairy in the room.
- (b) It would be much wiser to wish for health, cheerfulness, and a long life.
- (c) I wish we had a yard of black pudding for our supper.
- (d) You are a wicked man for wishing the pudding fast to my nose.
- (e) My wish is that this pudding may fall off.

EXERCISES

1. How did the wife think she might become happier?
2. What did the husband wish?
3. What promise did the fairy make?
4. Why were the man and wife much perplexed?
5. What did the wife think she would wish for?
6. What did the husband think would be wiser?
7. Why did they take so much time before wishing?
8. How did the wife happen to make such a first wish?
9. How did the husband come to make the second wish?
10. What was the third wish?
11. What lesson did the man and his wife learn from their three wishes?

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

SOME one has said, "Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." What joy we have had picking the first violets! We have hunted through the woods and in the meadows for the springtime flowers. Here is one who, like ourselves, loved to watch the flowers grow. In this poem, the brief life story of every flower is given by one who learned it from the flowers themselves.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW *

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and West, and South and North.

Then it shoots up day by day,
Circling in a curious way
Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cosy while it sleeps.

* Copyrighted by the John Lane Company and used by their courteous permission.



HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

Then the sunbeams find their way
 To the sleeping bud and say,
 "We are children of the sun
 Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet opening wide
 Shows the tiny bud inside,
 Peeping with half-opened eye
 On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the West and South
 Lay their kisses on its mouth;
 Till the petals all are grown,
 And the bud's a flower full-grown.

This is how the flowers grow:
 I have watched them and I know.

— *Gabriel Setoun.*

NOTES

1. Tell of the early wild flowers you know. How many can you name?
2. Tell of flowers you raise in the garden or in flower beds. What are their names? What do you do with them?
3. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: wāch'ed, tī'nŷ, blāde, pūr'ĕst, reaching (rĕch'ing), pĕep'ing, shōots, circling (sûr'klĭng), curious (ku'rĭ-ŭs), eō'sŷ, blossom (blōs'ŭm), sŭn'beams (bĕms), chĭl'drĕn, ōp'en-ing, būd, pĕt'ĕls.

4. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
- (a) This is how the flowers grow.
 - (b) Circling in a curious way round a blossom.
 - (c) We are children of the sun sent to wake thee.
 - (d) And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside.
 - (e) Breezes from the West and South
Lay their kisses on its mouth.

EXERCISES

1. Why does the poet know how the flowers grow?
2. What part of the flower first appears?
3. How does the blade keep the blossom "warm and cosy"?
4. How does the blossom sleep?
5. What do the sunbeams say to the bud?
6. What then takes place? Explain.
7. What finally makes the bud a full-grown flower?
8. Tell the story of some flower you have watched grow.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

- TAYLOR: The Violet.
THOMAS: Talking in Their Sleep.
COOLIDGE: How the Leaves Came Down.
NESBIT: The Song of the Poppy Seed.
WHITTIER: The First Flowers.
SHERMAN: Golden-rod. Leaves at Play.
MACDONALD: Little White Lily.
RYAN: A Flower's Song.
BATES: A Song of Waking.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
— Shirley.

THE LARK AND THE FARMER

IT is no fun to play on a team if one player fails to do his part. The captain soon learns just how much he can depend on each player. In work, as in play, men soon learn who keep promises and do as they agree. Here is the story of a wise lark who taught her little ones a good lesson by having them listen to a farmer who, for a time, depended on his friends and relatives to get his work done. Read the story and see if you can tell what lesson the young larks learned.

THE LARK AND THE FARMER

One summer a lark built her nest in a field of wheat. She laid four speckled eggs in the nest and soon there were four little birds. The mother bird flew off every day to find food for her babies.

One morning she said, "This wheat is ripe, my children. I think the farmer will soon cut it. If he comes to the field to-day, do not forget to tell me all that he says." Then she spread her wings and flew away. While she was gone the farmer and his son came to the field.

"This wheat is ripe," he said. "I shall cut it to-morrow if I can get my friends to help me."

When the lark came home her little ones said, "O mother! mother! the farmer has been here to look at the wheat. He says he will cut it to-morrow if he can get his friends to help him. What shall we do? Must we fly away?"

"Do not be afraid, my children," said the lark. "The farmer's friends will not come to help him. They will have their own work to do. If he depends on his friends, I am sure the wheat will not be reaped to-morrow. We are safe for a while."

The next morning the farmer came again to the field.

"My friends did not come," he said to his son. "Now go at once to your uncles and cousins and say that I wish them to help us reap."

That night the little larks in great fright told their mother all they had heard.

"Must we go now?" they asked.

"No," said the mother bird. "Do not be frightened. The farmer's friends did not come to-day. The uncles and cousins will not come to-morrow. We need not fly away yet. But keep your ears open, and let me know what you hear to-morrow."

The next day when the farmer came and found no one to help, he said, "Now, my son, listen to me. Get a couple of good scythes ready, and in the morning we will cut the wheat ourselves."

Again the little larks told their mother all they had heard.

"Then, my dears," said she, "it is indeed time for us to go, for when a man undertakes to do his own work he is not so likely to be disappointed."

She at once removed her young ones, and the wheat was reaped the next day by the old man and his son.—*Æsop*.

NOTES

1. Tell of games you have lost because some one did not do his part.
2. Tell how some persons you know have been disappointed because they depended on others.
3. Tell of how boys and girls and men and women you know are succeeding because they rely upon themselves.
4. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: spēck'led ('ld), flew (flōō), dê-pēnds', uncles (ŭn'k'lz), cousins (kŭz' 'ns), frīght, frightened (frīt'n'd), to-morrow (tōō-mōr'ō), couple (cŭp'p'l), scythes (sīthz), ŭn'dēr-tākes, dīs'āp-point'ēd, removed.
5. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:

- (a) He says he will cut it to-morrow if he can get his friends to help him.
- (b) If he depends on his friends, I am sure the wheat will not be reaped to-morrow.
- (c) That night the little larks in great fright told their mother all they had heard.
- (d) "Must we go now?" they asked.
- (e) Get a couple of good scythes ready, and we will cut the wheat ourselves.

EXERCISES

1. Where had the old lark built her nest?
2. Why did she want to know what the farmer said when she was away?
3. What did the little larks hear the first day?
4. Why did the old lark say "We are safe for a while"?
5. What took place the next day?
6. Why were the little larks so badly frightened?
7. Why was not the mother frightened?
8. What did the little larks hear the next day?
9. Why did the lark now remove her little ones from the field?
10. Tell in your own words what truth this lark had learned about people. What common saying brings out this same truth?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Buried Treasure. The Ant and the Cricket. Belling the Cat.

MACE: The Necklace of Truth.

RICHARDS: The Wheatfield.

WHITTIER: Little Birds.

ABBOTT: Young Barbarians.

ALCOTT: A Little Sermon.

KROUT: Little Brown Hands.

SCUDDER: The Image and the Treasure.

A GRIZZLY'S SLY LITTLE JOKE

MOST of us would not think it fun to have a bear play a joke on us. Many animals are playful, but we don't usually like to play with bears. Here is a story of an Indian who was glad a bear played with him instead of eating him.

A GRIZZLY'S SLY LITTLE JOKE *

I know an old Indian that was terribly frightened by a huge old grizzly and her half-grown cub. It was in the autumn, and he was out gathering berries.

It seems that while the Indian had his head raised, and was busy gathering and eating berries, he almost stumbled over an old bear and her cub. They had eaten their fill and fallen asleep in the path on the wooded hillside.

The old Indian had only time to turn on his heel, and throw himself headlong into the large end of a hollow log, which lay near.

To his great joy, the log was open at the other end. So he cork-screwed his way along toward the farther end. There he was just

* From Joaquin Miller's "True Bear Stories," copyrighted by Rand, McNally & Company.

about to come out, when he saw the old mother bear sitting at that end waiting for him.

After he had his breath again, he worked himself back to the place where he had gone in. But lo! the bear was there, sitting down, half smiling, and waiting to receive him warmly.

The old Indian said that this was done time after time. At last he had no strength left to move again, and turned on his face to die.

The bear put her head in, and touched his head gently with her nose. She then drew back, took her cub with her, and walked away.

The bear could have gone into the hollow log, and have killed the Indian at any time. When you know this, you will see that she must have been in play.

She must also have had some feeling of fun in that "cat and mouse" game with the Indian.
— *Joaquin Miller*.

NOTES

1. Joaquin (Wä-kēn') Miller, whose real name is Cinnatus Heine Miller, was born in 1841 and spent the greater part of his life among the pioneers, cowboys, and miners of the West. In his writings he tells of many thrilling adventures with Indians and wild beasts.
2. What playful tricks or jokes have you known animals to play?

3. *Cork-screwed his way.* Worked his way by turning round like a cork-screw.
4. "*Cat and mouse game.*" This refers to the cat's playing with a mouse before eating it.
5. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: griz'zlŷ, tĕr'rĭ-blŷ, frightened (frĭt' 'nd), cŭb, autumn (ô'tŭm), stumbled (stŭm'b'ld), headlong (hĕd'lŏng), cork-screwed (kôrk'skrôod), receive (rĕ-sĕv'), strĕngth, touched (tŭcht).
6. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) I know an old Indian that was terribly frightened by a huge old grizzly and her half-grown cub.
 - (b) To his great joy, the log was open at the other end.
 - (c) He worked himself back to the place where he had gone in.
 - (d) When you know this, you will see that she must have been in play.

EXERCISES

1. How did the Indian happen to come upon the old bear and her cub?
2. How did he at first try to save himself?
3. How did he then try to get away?
4. What did he find each time he worked himself to the end of the log?
5. How long did he keep this up?
6. What told him the bear had been playing with him?
7. What things have you seen animals do that tell you they like fun?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SEGUR: The Donkey Race.

HARRIS: Brother Fox's Two Dinners.

LEAR: The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.

TROWBRIDGE: The Fox in the Well. The Tiger, The Brahman, and the Jackal.

THACKERAY: The Pigtail's Place.

ASPINWALL: Monkey Tricks in the Jungle.

THOMPSON-SETON: The Biography of a Grizzly.

OUT OF THE MORNING *

Will there really be a morning?

Is there such a thing as day?

Could I see it from the mountains

If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water lilies?

Has it feathers like a bird?

Is it brought from famous countries

Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!

Oh, some wise man from the skies!

Please to tell a little pilgrim

Where the place called morning lies!

— *Emily Dickinson.*

ONE, TWO, THREE!

HIDE AND GO SEEK is a game all children like to play. They enjoy running, shouting, hiding, and at last being caught or "getting in free." But here is a story of a hide and go seek game without running and shouting. A little crippled boy and his old grandmother who couldn't run about played the game and enjoyed it. Many children, when they are shut indoors by rain or cold, like to play this kind of a hide and go seek game for a change.

ONE, TWO, THREE! *

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

* Copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons and used by special permission.

They sat in the yellow twilight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half past three.

— *H. C. Bunner.*

NOTES

1. Make a list of all other indoor games children like to play.
2. *Hide and Go Seek.* One of the oldest of children's games. It is often called by other names, such as: hide and seek, hide and coop, hide and find, hide and fox, hie spy, I spy, and all hid. What other names do you know? "I spy" is now played by hiding an object to find.
3. Play the game as the little boy and his grandma played it, without moving from your places. Ask questions and give answers in complete sentences.
4. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of as here used: beautiful (*bū'tī-fool*), tŏ-gĕth'ēr, rŭn'nĭng, jŭmp'ĭng, twī'lĭght, clŏs'ĕt, chĕst, queer (*kwēr*), covered (*kŭv'ĕrd*), wrinkled (*rĭn'k'ld*), stirred (*stŭrd*), clothespress (*klŏthz'prĕs*).

5. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:

(a) She couldn't go running and jumping.

(b) And the game that they played I'll tell you.

(c) You are up in Papa's big bedroom,

In the chest with the queer old key!

(d) So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma.

(e) Then she covered her face with her fingers.

EXERCISES

1. Who are playing this game?
2. Why did they not run about?
3. Why would you not have known this game to be hide and go seek?
4. What tells us how much the boy liked the game?
5. Explain "You are warm and warmer."
6. Why do you think the old lady played with the little boy?
7. What does "Where Mamma's things used to be" tell you?
8. Why do you think the lady is called a "dear, dear, dear old lady"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

INGELOW: Seven Times One Are Seven.

WORDSWORTH: We Are Seven.

DICKENS: Little Charley. The Children.

RILEY: The Raggedy Man. The Used-To-Be.

LONGFELLOW: The Children's Hour.

GILDER: A Child.

HAWTHORNE: The Paradise of Children.

MOORE: The Children.

GRIMM: The Little Brother and Sister.

A DONKEY RACE

THIS is a story told in the donkey's own words. Poor creature, he has had many adventures! His last owner was a little sick child who loved him greatly and treated him well. After the death of the child, the poor animal was turned out to starve. In this half-starved condition, the poor donkey came upon a merry group of men, women, and children, in a French village, who had come to watch the donkey race. Sleek, fat prize donkeys, of whom their owners were proud, were just ready to start in the race. How the race was run, and who won it, are told by this poor creature who by chance entered the race.

A DONKEY RACE *

All the next winter I had no one to take care of me. I had to live in the forest, where I found scarcely enough to keep me from dying of hunger and thirst.

When the spring came, I went one day to a village on the edge of the forest. I was surprised to find quite a commotion there.

* Copyrighted by D. C. Heath & Company and used by their courteous permission.



THE DONKEY

The people were walking up and down; everybody had on his Sunday clothes; and, what was stranger still, all the donkeys in the neighborhood seemed to be there. They were sleek and fat, their heads were decorated with flowers and leaves, and not one of them was in harness or had a rider.

I trotted up to see if I could find out what all this was about. Suddenly one of the boys who was standing there saw me, and shouted, "Oh, I say, look here! here's a fine donkey!"

"My word!" said another, "how well groomed he is, and how fat and well fed!" and they roared with laughter.

"I suppose he's come to run in the donkey race," said a third, "but he won't win the prize! No fear!"

I was very much annoyed at these rude jokes and personal remarks, but I thought I should enjoy taking part in the race, so I listened again.

"Where are they going to run?" asked an old dame who had just come up.

"In the meadow by the mill," said a man named Andrew.

"How many donkeys are there?" asked the old woman.

"Sixteen, Mother Evans, and the one that comes in first will win a silver watch and a bag of money."

"Oh, deary me!" said Mother Evans, "I do wish I had a donkey. I should so like to have a watch. I've never had the money to buy one."

I liked the look of the old woman; I was justly proud of my running; I had been so long in the forest that I was not too fat, as some of the prize donkeys were; and so I would take part in the race. I trotted up to the others, and took my place among them, and then, to attract attention, I opened my mouth and brayed vigorously.

"Oh, you stop that!" cried out a man named Bill. "Hi! you there, donkey, you just stop that music, will you? and get out of there! You can't run, you shabby brute! and, besides, you don't belong to anybody."

I held my tongue, but I didn't budge an inch. Some laughed, and others were getting angry, when old Mother Evans said:—

"Well, he can have me for his mistress. I take him into my service from this minute. So now he can run for me."

"Well," said Bill, "do as you like, mother. Only, if you want him to run, you've got to put a quarter into the bag the Squire has yonder."

"All right, my dear," said Mother Evans. She hobbled off to where the Squire was sitting, and paid her subscription into the bag.

"Very good," said the Squire; "put Mrs. Evans's name down, Richard."

So the clerk put down my new mistress's name. We were all drawn up in a line in the meadow. The Squire said, "One, two, three, and away!" The boys who held the donkeys let them go, and away we galloped as hard as we could, while the crowd ran cheering alongside.

The sixteen donkeys had not gone a hundred yards before I was in front of them all, an easy first. I thought I would beat them all now, at any rate, and I flew along as if I had wings. I passed proudly before the winning post, not only first, but a long way ahead of all the rest, amid loud cheers from those who had no donkeys in the race.

The Squire sat at a table to give away the prizes. Mother Evans, who was almost beside herself with delight, stroked and patted me, and led me up to the table with her to receive the first prize.

"Here, my good woman," said the Squire; and he was going to hand the watch and the bag of money to the old woman.

"Please, your worship, it isn't fair!" cried Bill and Andrew. "That donkey doesn't really belong to Mother Evans any more than it does to us! Our donkeys really got in first, not counting this one. The watch and money ought to be ours. It isn't fair!"

"Did Mrs. Evans pay her quarter into the bag?" said the Squire.

"Well, your worship, she did —"

"Did any of you object to her doing so at the time?" asked the Squire.

"Well, no, your worship, but —"

"Did you raise any objections when the donkeys were just going to start?"

"Well, no, sir, but —"

"Very well, then. It's all perfectly fair, and Mrs. Evans gets the watch and bag of money."

"Please, sir, it isn't fair, it isn't fair! You —"

When I heard this, I at once put my head down on the table, and taking up the watch and bag in my teeth, put them into Mother Evans's hands. This intelligent action on my part made the people roar with laughter, and won for me thunders of applause.

"There!" said the Squire, "The donkey has decided in favor of Mother Evans; and," he added, with a smile, looking at Bill and Andrew, "I don't think he is the biggest donkey present!"

"Bravo, your worship!" "Good for you!" resounded on all sides. And every one began to laugh at Andrew and Bill, who went away looking cross and ill-tempered.

And was I pleased? No, not at all. My pride was hurt. The Squire had been very rude to me. It was too much.

I declined to stay in a place where I was so insulted, and I turned tail and trotted away from such an ignorant set of people.— *Madame de Segur*.

NOTES

1. This story is taken from Madame de Segur's *Memoirs of a Donkey*. The author was the daughter of Count Rostopchine, governor of Moscow in 1812, when Napoleon made his famous retreat. Ten years later she married Count de Segur. At the age of sixty she began writing children's stories. This story is a great favorite with the French children.
2. Bring to class a report of each of the strange races you have seen. What strange races take place for fun at picnics or on the Fourth of July?
3. *Squire* (*skwīr*). A title of office, usually given to justices of the peace. In this case, a prominent villager of the upper class.
4. *Subscription* (*sŭb-skřip'shŭn*). Entrance money.
5. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of as here used: *fŏr'ĕst*, scarcely (*skārs'ľi*), surprised (*sŭr-prĭzd'*), commotion (*kŏ-mŏ'shŭn*), harness (*hār'nĕs*), neighborhood (*nā'bĕr-hŏod*), decorated (*dĕk'ŏ-rāt'ed*), trot'tĕd, groomed (*grŏomd*), annoyed (*ā-noid'*), rude (*rŏod*), prize (*prĭz*), attention (*ā-tĕn'shŭn*), brayed (*brād*), vigorously (*vĭg'ŏr-ŭs-ľi*), shabby (*shāb'ĭ*), budge (*bŭj*), service (*sŭr'vĭs*), hobbled (*hŏb'ld*), galloped (*gāl'ŭpt*), proudly (*proud'ľi*), delight (*dĕ-lĭt'*), receive (*rĕ-sĕv'*), counting (*kount'ĭng*), objection (*ŏb-jĕk'shŭn*), intelligent (*ĭn-tĕľ'ĭ-jĕnt*), thunders (*thŭn'dĕrz*), applause (*ā-plŏz'*), decided (*dĕ-sĭd'ĕd*), resounded

(rê-zound'əd), ill-tempered (il-tēm'pərd), declined (dê-klind'), in-sult'əd.

6. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:

(a) All the next winter I had no one to take care of me.

(b) I was surprised to find quite a commotion there.

(c) You can't run, you shabby brute!

(d) I passed proudly before the winning post.

(e) Did any of you object to her doing so at the time?

EXERCISES

1. How did the donkey happen to get into the race?
2. How had he been treated before this?
3. How did the boys and men treat him now?
4. Why did not Mother Evans have a donkey of her own?
5. How did she come to take this poor creature?
6. Tell the story of the race.
7. Why did not Bill and Andrew want Mother Evans to get the prize?
8. Was the Squire fair in his decision?
9. Why did the poor donkey trot away?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Hare and the Tortoise. The Mules and the Robbers. The Wind and the Sun. The Lame Man and the Blind Man.

KIPLING: The Law of the Jungle.

HANS ANDERSEN: Hans Clodhopper.

TUCKER: My Donkey.

WATTS: How Doth the Little Busy Bee.

COOPER: A Race for Life.

LANSING: Seeing the World.

SEWELL: Black Beauty.

SAUNDERS: Beautiful Joe.

A LESSON OF MERCY

THE Boy Scouts are kind to all animals. Boys who tie cans to dogs' tails, who kill birds and rob nests, or who stone cats, are not true Boy Scouts. Here is a story of two boys who were about to stone a poor harmless toad when something happened that made them act like true Boy Scouts.

A LESSON OF MERCY *

A boy named Peter
Found once, in the road,
All harmless and helpless,
A poor little toad.

He ran to his playmate,
And all out of breath,
Cried, "John, come and help,
And we'll stone him to death."

And picking up stones,
They went on the run,
Saying one to the other
"Oh, won't we have fun!"

* Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of the works of Alice Cary.



COURTESY TABER-PRANG ART CO.

ALL HARMLESS AND HELPLESS

Thus primed and all ready,
They'd hardly got back,
When a donkey came dragging
A cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad
A-taking his morning nap
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg,
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad
With his warm nose a thump,
And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

“We can’t kill him now, John,”
Said Peter, “that’s flat,
In the face of an eye
And action like that!”

“For my part, I haven’t
The heart to,” says John;
“But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on.”

“Let’s help him!” so both lads
Set off with a will
And came up to the cart
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

Having got to the top
Back again they both run,
Agreeing they never
Have had better fun.

— *Alice Cary.*

NOTES

1. Tell of boys and girls you know who showed kindness to animals.
2. Tell of boys or girls who kept others from being cruel to animals.
3. *Primed* (*prīm'd*). Prepared, ready.

4. *A wonderful deal.* Very much. A great deal.
5. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: härm'lëss, hëlp'less, plāy'māte, pïck'ïng, dräg'gïng, shoulder (shōl'dër), ä-gree'ïng, wonderful (wŭn'dër-fool).
6. Articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) John, come and help, and we'll stone him to death.
 - (b) A donkey came dragging a cart on the track.
 - (c) And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.
 - (d) The load is too heavy that donkey has on.
 - (e) They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

EXERCISES

1. What did Peter ask John to do?
2. Why did they think it fun?
3. What did they see when they returned?
4. How did the donkey treat the toad?
5. What effect did this have on the boys?
6. Why did they now notice the donkey had too heavy a load?
7. Why did they decide to help the donkey?
8. Why did they think this was the best fun they had had?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LANE: Professor Frog's Lecture.

SAUNDERS: Beautiful Joe.

SEWELL: Black Beauty.

BURNS: To a Field Mouse.

LARCOM: Little Brown Thrush.

FOSS: The Bloodless Sportsman.

WORDSWORTH: The Pet Lamb.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

ALL hate a *quitter*. The boy who starts a game and quits because he can't run it is liked no better than the girl who takes her doll and goes home because she can't have her way. A long time ago, some one wrote a poem which tells what is sure to come to the one who sticks right to a thing no matter how hard the task.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try again;

'T is a lesson you should heed,

Try, try again;

Then your courage should appear,

For, if you will persevere,

You will conquer, never fear;

Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,

Try, try again;

If you would at last prevail,

Try, try again;

If we strive, 't is no disgrace,

Though we do not win the race;

What should you do in the case?

Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
 Try, try again;
 Time will bring you your reward,
 Try, try again.
 All that other folks can do,
 Why, with patience, should not you?
 Only keep this rule in view:
 Try, try again.

— *T. H. Palmer.*

NOTES

1. See what common sayings, or proverbs, you can find which tell the same truth as does this poem.
2. Tell of persons you know who have succeeded because they stuck to their jobs. Of what successful persons have you read?
3. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: heed, again (*á-gěn'*), succeed (*sŭk-sěd'*), courage (*kŭr'áj*), appear (*ă-pěr'*), persevere (*pŭr'-sě-věr'*), conquer (*kŏŋ'kěr*), *prê-vail'* (*vāl*), strĭve, *dĭs-grāce'*, though (*thō*), tās*k*, *rě-wārd'*, patience (*pā'shěns*).
4. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) 'T is a lesson you should heed.
 - (b) You will conquer, never fear.
 - (c) What should you do in the case?
 - (d) Time will bring you your reward.
 - (e) Why, with patience, should not you?

EXERCISES

1. What does one usually do who fails at first?
2. What is he here told to do?

3. What comes to one who *perseveres*?
4. When is it no disgrace to fail?
5. Explain "Time will bring you your reward."
6. Why should not one do what others have done?
7. What rule should be kept in mind?
8. Tell ways in which this rule can be followed by children in school. At home.
9. Tell ways in which it should not be followed. (See Thackeray's *The Pigtail's Place*.)

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Buried Treasure.

MACKAY: Clear the Way.

HARRIS: Brother Fox's Two Dinners.

SANGSTER: Do All that You Can.

ROBERTSON: The Red Thread of Honor.

CRANE: Boy Wanted.

ABBOTT: Young Barbarians.

THACKERAY: The Pigtail's Place.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly.

— *Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

BELLING THE CAT

A TEACHER once called all her pupils together and said to them, "There is too much noise in the room; I wish you children would tell me how to have a quiet room." "I know," said one; "don't let the fellows stick pins in each other and there won't be jumpin' and noise." "How can we stop them from using pins?" asked the teacher. "Let's agree that when a fellow's stuck he'll yell as loud as he can." "Very well," said the teacher quietly. After that, no fellows were stuck and the room was quiet.

In this schoolroom story a boy gave advice which worked. In the story following, advice was given that did not work so well. Read the story of how the mice hit upon a plan to rid themselves of their enemy, the cat, and see if you can tell why the plan failed.

BELLING THE CAT

(Night in pantry of large country house. The mice meet in council.)

Sharp Eyes [rapping gently]: This council will come to order. Our numbers have been greatly

thinned by our enemy, Great Cat. What shall we do?

Silver Tail: Kind friends, these are sad times. We must do something. We cannot let this go on. Our children will all be killed.

Brownie [sobbing]: Oh! Oh! My little ones were taken yesterday! What *shall* we do?



THE CAT

Little Mice [in chorus]: We shall all be killed! What shall we do?

Sharp Eyes: This is the time to act and not to weep. How can we get away from our old enemy? Can any one present think of a plan?

Little Mice [weeping with fright]: Oh! What shall we do? We are all lost!

Sharp Eyes: Listen, my children! Dry your eyes. This is a sad hour, but we must use our wits. Has any one a plan?

Silver Tail: Let us place watchers to give the alarm. When Great Cat comes, we can hurry into our hiding places.

Long Whisker: No, the watchers would be eaten. Let us make such a noise that Great Cat will be frightened away.

Little Mice [with courage]: Hurrah! Let us begin now.

Sharp Eyes: Be silent! Your noise will only attract more cats — and then —

Frisker: Friends, I have a plan. Listen! We should not be eaten if we could only hear when the cat comes.

Little Mice: That's why she catches us! We don't have time to run!

Frisker: That's it! Listen! Here's my plan. If the cat had a little bell around her neck, every step she took would make it tinkle. Then we should have time to reach our holes. Let's put a bell around her neck.

Little Mice: Good! Good! Hang a bell around the old cat's neck. Hurrah! No more fear of the cat!

Brownie [weeping again]: Why didn't we think

of that before my dear children were taken?
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Sharp Eyes [with great dignity]: Frisker, you have hit upon a fine plan. Now, who will put the bell around the cat's neck?

Long Whisker: Not I. The plan is good, but I have all my little ones to keep. Silver Tail's the one!

Silver Tail [tremblingly]: Not I! I am so lame!

Little Mice: Get Frisker! He'll do it! Hurrah for Frisker!

Sharp Eyes: Frisker, they are calling for you! Where is Frisker? [*Frisker leaves in haste.*] Why, does he, too, refuse? Has he run away?

Silver Tail: The Cat! The Cat! [*All scamper to their holes.*] — Retold from *Æsop*.

NOTES

1. This lesson is arranged from *Æsop's* fable "The Mice in Council." Read this and others of *Æsop's* fables.
2. Have the class act this lesson.
3. Tell of advice you have heard that could not well be followed.
4. Pronounce and give meanings of as here used: bell'ing, rāp'ping, council (koun'sil), nūm'bērs, thinned (thīnd), ěn'ě-mý, chīl'drĕn, yĕs'tĕr-dāy, prĕš'ĕnt, watchers (wōch'ĕrz), frightened (frīt'nd), sīlĕnt, attract (ă-trăkt'), tinkle (tĭŋ'k'l).

5. Read slowly and distinctly:

- (a) Our numbers have been greatly thinned by our enemy, Great Cat.
- (b) This is the time to act and not to weep.
- (c) Can any one present think of a plan?
- (d) Who will put the bell around the cat's neck?
- (e) Frisker, they are calling for you!

EXERCISES

- 1. Why did this council meet?
- 2. Why did all have great cause to fear?
- 3. Why did Sharp Eyes think it was a time to act?
- 4. What plan did Silver Tail offer?
- 5. What, instead, did Long Whisker propose?
- 6. Why were the Little Mice ready to begin the noise?
- 7. What plan did Frisker offer?
- 8. Why did not Long Whisker and Silver Tail help with the plan?
- 9. Why did Frisker run away?
- 10. Why was not the plan a good one?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Lark and Her Young Ones. Elephant and Assembly of Animals. The Partial Judge. The Cats and the Monkey. The Bear and the Fowls.

CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.

JACKSON: Cat Stories.

ASPINWALL: The Mouse's Revenge.

ANDERSEN: The Discontented Fir-Tree.

RICHARDS: The Mouse-Trap.

LINDSAY: Mrs. Tabby Gray.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

IN this poem, a little boy tells what he thinks of as he watches the lamplighter light the street lamps one by one. As Robert Louis Stevenson was himself a sickly child, these lines perhaps tell of his own thoughts as he watched the lamplighter in his native city of Edinburgh. From the poem you can find what is in the heart of any child who watches older persons at work.

THE LAMPLIGHTER *

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the
sky;

It's time to take the window to see Leerie going
by;

For every night at teatime and before you take
your seat,

With lantern and with ladder he comes post-
ing up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to
sea,

And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can
be;

* Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Charles Scribner's Sons.

But I, when I am stronger and can choose what
I'm to do,

O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the
lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the
door,

And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many
more,

And Oh! before you hurry by with ladder and
with light,

O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-
night!

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NOTES

1. Read Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*.
2. Tell of those you have seen light the street lamps.
3. Tell of the most interesting work you have seen older persons do.
4. *Lamplighter* (lămp'lit-ēr). Before the days of electric lights, each street light had to be lighted by itself. Men called *lamplighters* lighted the lamps at night and turned them out in the morning.
5. *To take the window*. To go to the window.
6. *Leerie*. Pronounced lēr'ī.
7. *Comes pōsting up the street*. Comes rapidly up the street.
8. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: window (wīn'dō), teatime (tē'tīm), lăn'tēr, ladder (lăd'ēr), pōst'ing, drīv'ēr, bănk'ēr, strōŋ'gēr, choose (chōōz), lucky (lŭk'ī), hurry (hŭr'ī).

9. Read slowly and distinctly:

- (a) It's time to take the window.
- (b) With lantern and with ladder he comes posting
up the street.
- (c) I'll go round at night and light the lamps with
you.
- (d) We are very lucky, with a lamp before the door.
- (e) O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him
to-night!

EXERCISES

1. What probably led the poet to write this poem?
2. What time does he know Leerie will go by?
3. What did the other children want to do when they
grew up?
4. What did this child decide to do?
5. Why did he think they were lucky?
6. How often did he see Leerie?
7. What shows how much the child wanted Leerie to
speak to him?
8. Why do you think this child wanted to be a lamp-
lighter?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: The Land of Storybooks. The Land of Nod. The Land of
Counterpane.

ANDERSEN: The Old Street Lamp. Ole the Watchman.

CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.

RICHARDS: The Golden Windows.

ASPINWALL: The Lighthouse Lamp.

LONGFELLOW: Twilight. The Children's Hour.

THE FISH OF GOLD

“**W**HAT would you wish for if you had but one wish?” each of us is often asked. The strangest thing is that no one thing we can think of satisfies us. Old King Midas wished that everything he touched would turn to gold. He was sorry his wish was granted. Perhaps each of us would be just as sorry if we were given everything we wished for. At least, we should not be satisfied. The boy who has some marbles or pennies wants more. When he has more he is still dissatisfied. While it is right to wish for all the things we can use well we should not wish for riches or power or high honors for selfish purposes.

The following story is a tale which has been told to Russian children for many generations. They love the story of the fish of gold, and after the story is told they sit around wondering why the fisherman's wife was not satisfied when her first wish was granted. They wonder even more why the little fish disappeared when her last wish was made known.

THE FISH OF GOLD

In a little hut, on an island in the midst of the sea, there once dwelt an old fisherman and his

wife. They were very poor. Every day the old man used to go a-fishing, but his luck was bad. They just managed to live on what he caught.

One day, after having fished a long while and taken nothing, the old man said to himself, "I will let down my net once more, and then I will go home." So he let down the net again; and this time, as he drew it up, it seemed very heavy.

Instead of a great number of fishes, however, it contained only one little fish. But the fish was of gold. And the fish of gold spoke to the fisherman, saying: "Good fisherman, I pray you throw me back into the blue sea. I am very little; give me my life. Grant this wish, and I will reward you; for whatever you wish, that will I do."

Then the old man was sorry for the little fish and threw him back into the sea. So the fisherman returned to his hut empty-handed.

And when his wife saw him, she cried, "Where are your fish?"

"Alas!" replied he, "I have caught nothing — at least, nothing but a fish of gold, and that I threw back into the sea."

"A fish of gold!" exclaimed his wife, "and you threw it back into the sea! You must be mad."

“He was a very little one,” said the old man, “and he begged so hard for his life, I could not refuse him. Besides, he promised to reward me. ‘Whatever you wish, that will I do.’ Those were his words.”

“And yet you wished for nothing!” exclaimed his wife, impatiently. “You might at least have wished for bread. We have scarce a crust in the house.”

So the old man went back to the seashore and cried:

“Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me.”

Immediately the fish of gold came to the shore.

“What is your wish?” he asked.

“My wife,” replied the old man, “has sent me to ask for bread; we have scarce a crust in the house.”

“Your wish is granted,” said the fish; “go home, and you shall find bread in abundance.”

So the old man returned, and when he entered the hut he found bread in plenty. “Well, wife,” he said, “for once we have enough and to spare.”

“Bread enough, yes,” said she. “But just see my washtub. It has fallen to pieces. How can I do the washing now? Go to the fish and ask him to give us a new tub.”

Away went the man. Standing on the shore he called out as before:

"Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me."

Instantly the fish appeared, asking as before,
"What is your wish?"

"A new washtub for my wife, if you please.
She had the misfortune to break the old one."

"You will find a new washtub at home," said the fish.

Back went the old man, to find his wish granted. But his wife was not content.

"Be off to the golden fish again," she cried to him, before he reached the door. "Our old hut is falling in ruins. We have scarcely a roof over our heads. Make him give us a new one."

So the old man ran to the shore, and called to the fish:

"Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me."

Again it came instantly from the sea.

"What is your pleasure?" asked the fish.

"My wife," replied the man, "is very discontented with our old hut, and has sent me to ask you to build us a new one. She says the roof may tumble down on our heads any day."

"Oh, do not be troubled about that," said the fish. "Go home; your wish is already granted."

Hastening home, the old man found that the fish had been as good as his word. There, in the place of the miserable hovel, was a beautiful new cottage, with new furniture in every room.

"Here we can live in comfort all our days," said the old man, as he entered the door.

"Comfort indeed!" quoth the dame, "when I am but a peasant, and the wife of a peasant, and must do my own work at the end of my days. Be off this instant to that fish of yours and tell it I will not be a mere peasant's wife any longer. I will be a Grand Duchess, with plenty of servants, and set the fashion."

The old man went to the golden fish.

"Little fish, little fish, come from the sea, Your tail in the water, your head towards me."

"What is it?" asked the fish.

"My wife will not let me rest," replied the man. "She wants now to be a Grand Duchess."

"Well, it shall be as she wishes. Go home again," said the fish.

Home went the man. How astonished was he, when, on coming to where his house had stood, he now found a fine mansion, three stories high. Servants crowded the halls, and cooks were busy in the kitchens. On a seat in a fine room, clothed in robes shining with gold and silver, sat the man's wife giving orders.

“Good day, wife!” said the man.

“Who are you, man?” said the wife. “What have you to do with me, a fine lady? Take the clown away,” said she to her servants. So they took him away.

After a time, the Grand Duchess got tired of being merely a Grand Duchess. She wished to be Empress, and ordered the old fisherman to make known her wish to the fish of gold.

Off went the old man to the fish. The fish said the word; and Empress she became, living in a gorgeous palace, surrounded by officers and nobles, and having everything that heart could wish. But the fisherman remained a fisherman still, and his wife, the Empress, treated him shamefully.

Still this poor woman was not content. Indeed, she was less contented as Empress than she had ever been in her life before. Summoning the old fisherman to her court, she commanded him to go once more to the fish of gold. “Tell it,” she said, “that I wish to rule over the sun and the moon and the ocean, and have dominion over all creatures.”

Slowly and unwillingly the old man went to the shore and called the fish of gold, as at other times:

“Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me!”

The fish did not come. The man waited. It was not to be seen. He said the words a second time. The waves roared. Dark clouds covered the sky, the wind howled, and the water seemed of an inky blackness.

At length the fish came.

“What do you want, old man?” it asked.

The old man told him of his wife’s latest wish.

The fish made no reply, but dived down and disappeared in the sea.

Fearing to meet the wrath of the Empress the old fisherman turned slowly away from the shore. But what had become of the palace? In its place was the old hut, and at the door stood the old woman in her old rags. There was scarcely a crust in the house; and the washtub was fallen in pieces.

So they began to live their lives as before; and, strange to say, the woman was happier than when she was Empress. Day by day did the old man cast his net into the sea, but never again did he draw up the Fish of Gold.— *Russian Folk-Tale.*

NOTES

1. If you had but one wish, what would it be?
2. What is the story of King Midas?
3. What wishes of yours when granted left you dissatisfied?

4. Give instances in which other persons were sorry they got what they wanted.
5. *Grand Duchess* (dŭch'ēs). A lady of high rank, the wife of a Grand Duke, or man of highest rank next to the King and his family.
6. *Empress* (ĕm'prēs). A woman who rules an empire, or who is the wife of an Emperor.
7. Read the following slowly and distinctly, pronouncing all words correctly:
 - (a) Grant this wish, and I will reward you.
 - (b) Little fish, little fish, come from the sea,
Your tail in the water, your head towards me.
 - (c) Be off this instant to that fish of yours.
 - (d) There was scarcely a crust in the house.
8. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: fish'ēr-măn, contained (kŏn-tān'd'), impatiently (ĭm-pā'shĕnt-lĭ), ĭm-mĕ'dĭ-āte-lŷ, mĭs-fŏr'tŭne, dĭs'cŏn-tĕnt'ĕd, miserable (mĭz'ēr-ā-b'l), hŏv'ĕl, peasant (pĕz'ānt), fŭr'nĭ-tŭre, fashion (fāsh'ŭn), mansion (măn'shŭn), astonished (ā-stŏn'-ĭsh), gorgeous (gŏr'jŭs), summoning (sŭm'ŭn-ĭng), dominion (dŏ-mĭn'yŭn).

EXERCISES

1. What tells you how very poor these people were?
2. Why did the poor fisherman decide to let down his net once more?
3. What made his net seem so heavy?
4. What did the fish promise in return for life?
5. What scolding did the fisherman get for returning the fish to the sea?
6. How did the fisherman defend himself?
7. Why did the fisherman's wife scold him for not making one wish?

8. Why was she dissatisfied when her first wish was granted?
9. Why was she not content when she received the new washtub?
10. What third wish was granted?
11. What tells us of the discontent of the fisherman's wife?
12. Explain the meaning of "My wife will not let me rest."
13. How did the rich wife now treat the poor fisherman?
14. What is shown of her in calling the fisherman a "clown"?
15. Why was she not content as an Empress?
16. What was her next wish?
17. Why did the fisherman hesitate to tell the gold fish of the wish?
18. Why did not the fish come at once at the call?
19. Why did the fish dive down and disappear?
20. What did the old fisherman find on his return?
21. What was there about the last wish that caused all the trouble?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HAWTHORNE: The Golden Touch. The Snow-Image.

HANS ANDERSEN: The Bronze Bear. The Red Shoes. The Discontented Fir Tree.

CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON: Ballad of the Gold Country.

SCUDDER: The Image and the Treasure.

GRIMM BROTHERS: The Sleeping Beauty.

CARROLL: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

BUMSTEAD: The Quest.

JAPANESE FOLK-TALE: The Discontented Stonecutter.

THE DUEL

EUGENE FIELD was a lover of children and a loved playmate of his own children and of those of the neighborhood. He told many stories and wrote many poems to amuse his young friends. He knew how much some children like to fight and how little comes of fighting. It is said that his children asked over and over again for the story of the awful fight between the gingham dog and the calico cat. Finally, he wrote it for them in the form of a poem called "The Duel," which has pleased all the children of the land.

Many of the more thoughtful young readers of the poem think they see in it more than fun. They think that the author, with a sly wink, gave them the real fun-story they wanted, and also a story of what comes from quarreling or fighting.

THE DUEL *

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and (what do you
think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!

* Copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons and used by special permission.

The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "O dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw —
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate!
I got my views from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole the pair away!

But the truth about the cat and the pup
Is this: They ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so.
And that is how I came to know.)

— *Eugene Field.*

NOTES

1. Tell some of the most interesting events in the life of Eugene Field.
2. Tell what other poems of Eugene Field you like.
3. *The Duel.* A fight between two persons usually following an injury done or an insult offered by one to the other.
4. *Littered.* Filled with tiny bits.
5. *Exaggerate.* Overstate the truth.
6. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: gingham (gíng'ǎm), calico (kǎl'í-kō), appeared (ǎ-pěrd'), terrible (těr'í-b'l), stāte, littered (līt'ěrd), chīm'ney (nǐ), dreaded (drěd'ěd), dê-clāres', wailed (wāl'd), wallowed (wōl'ō'd), tūm'bled, ěm-ploy'ing, exaggerate (ěg-zǎj'ěr-āt), trāce, bur glars (būr'glěrz).
7. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) 'The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
 - (b) It always dreaded a family row.
 - (c) The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "O dear! What shall we do!"
 - (d) But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw.

EXERCISES

1. What led the author to write this poem?
2. Who are the leading actors in the poem?
3. Who is speaking?
4. Whence did the speaker get his information?
5. How could he have gotten it from them?
6. What first hints of the coming fight?
7. What shows us how severe the fight was?
8. What were these creatures fighting about?
9. What was the outcome of the fight?
10. Why do you think the poem did not tell the cause of the fight?
11. If the gingham dog and the calico cat were persons, what kind of persons would they be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LEAR: The Owl and the Pussy-Cat. The Pobble Who Has No Toes.
The Duck and the Kangaroo.

HOWITT: The Spider and the Fly.

ÆSOP: The Lamp and the Sun. The Ant and the Cricket.

BANGS: The Little Elf.

FIELD: Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

RILEY: Little Orphant Annie.

STEVENSON: My Shadow. The Land of Storybooks.

ASPENWALL: The Flannel Rooster. The Iron Dog.

THE MILLS OF GOD

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience stands He waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.

— *Friedrich von Logau.*

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

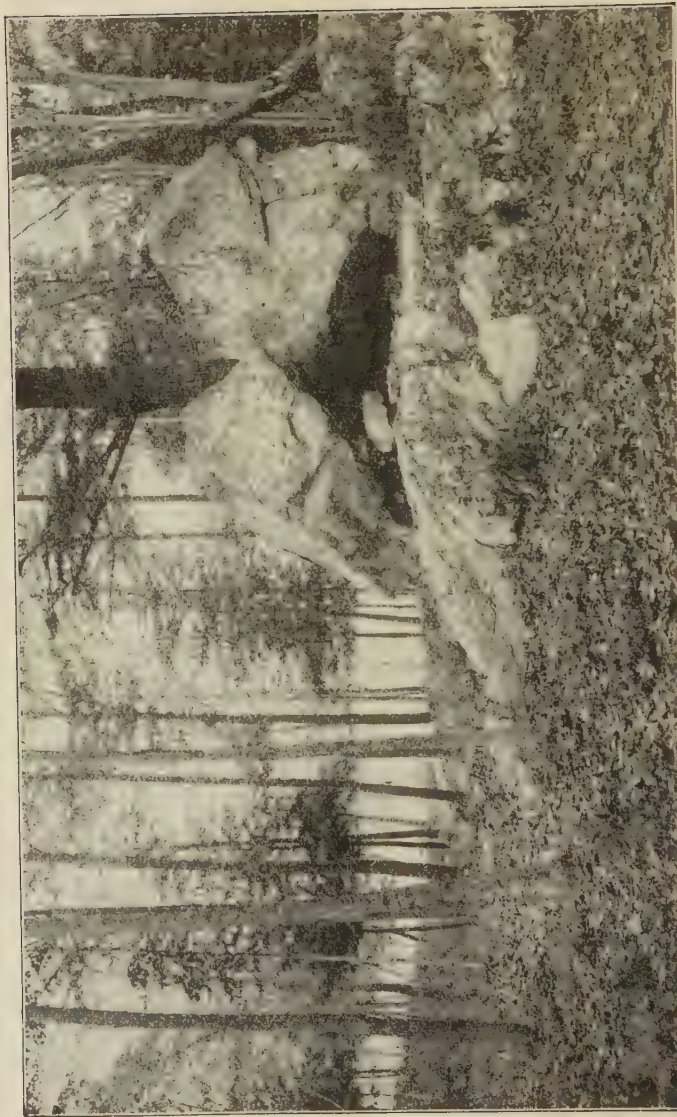
WHEN the summer flowers are gone, we love the red and yellow and brown of the autumn leaves. The rustling leaves, the crisp air, and the ripened fruit tell us that winter is coming. Perhaps the cold rains and the falling leaves would not make us so sad if we could understand the author's meaning in the following poem. The poet here shows us the meaning of the falling leaves.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN *

I'll tell you how the leaves came down,—
The great Tree to his children said,
“You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed.”
“Ah!” begged each silly, pouting leaf,
“Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,
'T is such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away.”

So, just for one merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,

* Copyright, 1889, by Roberts Brothers.



IN AUTUMN

Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among,
“Perhaps the great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret,”
But the great Tree did no such thing,
He smiled to hear their whispering.
“Come, children all, to bed,” he cried,
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere
Down sped the leaflets through the air.
I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped up on her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.
The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
“Good-night, dear little leaves,” he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, “Good-night,” and murmured,
“It is so nice to go to bed.”

— *Susan Coolidge.*

NOTES

1. Read Henry Ward Beecher's *The Anxious Leaf*.
2. Tell of collections of autumn leaves you have seen or made. Tell how the leaves of each of the common trees change after frost.

3. *Ere the leaves could urge their prayer.* Before they could tease or coax to be left on the tree longer.
4. Have the children study the poem carefully, then prepare to act it. One should be chosen as the tree, others as red leaves, brown leaves, yellow leaves, and "one from far away with white bedclothes upon her arm." The children will take pride in acting out the poem to show their idea of its meaning.
5. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: *chil'drĕn*, *sleep'ŷ*, *begged* (*bĕg'd*), *sĭl'ly*, *pout'ing*, *bĕ-hōld'*, *pleasant* (*plĕz'ănt*), *clung*, *frolicked* (*frōl'ikt*), *autumn* (*ô'tŭm*), *whĭs'pĕr-ing*, *among* (*ă-mŭng'*), *fôr-gĕt*, *coax* (*kōks*), *urge*, *prayer* (*prār*), *flūt'tĕr-ing*, *rustling* (*rŭs'ling*), *spĕd*, *huddled* (*hŭd''ld*), *swärm*, *bĕd'clōthes*, *murmured* (*mŭr'mŭrd*).
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) It is quite time you went to bed.
 - (b) We do not want to go away.
 - (c) Just for one merry day to the great Tree the leaflets clung.
 - (d) But the great Tree did nò such thing.
 - (e) Far and wide, fluttering and rustling everywhere down sped the leaflets through the air.

EXERCISES

1. How many things tell us of autumn?
2. What did the Tree say to his leaf children?
3. What did the leaves do and say?
4. What then happened "for one merry day"?
5. What did the little leaves now think?
6. Why did the great Tree smile?
7. What did he next say to the leaves?

8. What then happened to the leaves?
9. Who was the "one from far away" coming to cover them with white bedclothes?
10. Why are the leaves now so pleased?
11. If these leaves were children, what kind of children would they be at bedtime?
12. Tell in your own words how leaves come down.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BEECHER: The Anxious Leaf.
 LONGFELLOW: A Rainy Day. Autumn.
 THOMAS: Talking in Their Sleep.
 SAVAGE: Only a Leaf.
 GOULD: The Frost.
 SHERMAN: Leaves at Play.
 COOPER: The Wind and the Leaves.
 WORDSWORTH: The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

FERN SONG *

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
 And spread out your palms again,
 And say, "Tho' the sun
 Hath my vesture spun,
 He had labored, alas, in vain,
 But for the shade
 That the Cloud hath made,
 And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
 Then laugh and upturn
 All your fronds, little Fern,
 And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

— *John Banister Tabb.*

* From the Poems of John B. Tabb and used by the courteous permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Incorporated.

THE HONEST INDIAN

BOYS who *play Indian* think of Indians only as cruel, tricky fighters. The Indians have long been thought of as cunning and dishonest. After all, Indians are like white men in many ways, and we are glad to read the story of an "honest Indian." The Indian in this story showed himself the equal in honesty of any white man.

THE HONEST INDIAN

An old Indian once bought some things from a white man who kept a store.

When he got back to his wigwam, and opened his bundle, he found some money inside of it.

"Good luck!" thought the old Indian to himself, "I will keep this money. It will buy many things."

He went to bed, but he could not sleep. All night long he kept thinking about the money.

Over and over again, he thought, "I will keep it." But something within him seemed to say, "No, you must not keep it; that would not be right."

Early the next morning, he went back to the white man's store.

"Here is some money," said he. "I found it in my bundle."

"Why did you not keep it?" asked the store-keeper.

"There are two men inside of me," replied the Indian.



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. G. COOK

THE INDIAN AND HIS WIGWAM

"One said, 'Keep it. You found it. The white man will never know.'

"The other said, 'Take it back! Take it back! It is not yours! You have no right to keep it!'

"Then the first one said, 'Keep it! Keep it!'

“But the other kept saying, ‘No, no! Take it back! Take it back!’

“The two men inside of me talked all night. They would not let me sleep.

“I have brought the money back. Now the two men will stop talking. To-night I shall sleep.”— *Old Indian Tale*.

NOTES .

1. Bring to class other Indian stories you have heard or read.
2. Have some member of the class describe an Indian. If possible bring in pictures of Indians.
3. Be prepared to pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: wīg'wam (wôm), bŭn'dle, replied (rê-plid'), In'di-ăn, thĭnk'ĭng, seemed (sēmd), something (sŭm'thĭng), brought (brôt).
4. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) All night long he kept thinking about the money.
 - (b) I found it in my bundle.
 - (c) Why did you not keep it?
 - (d) The two men inside of me talked all night.
 - (e) Now the two men will stop talking.

EXERCISES

1. Why did the Indian at first think he would keep the money?
2. Why could he not sleep?
3. Why did he think over and over, “I will keep it”?
4. Then why did he not keep it?

5. What shows that the storekeeper was surprised when the money was returned?
6. How did the Indian explain why he brought the money back?
7. Who were the two men?
8. Why would the *two men* now *stop talking*?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BALDWIN: Pocahontas. Cincinnatus. Regulus.

Daniel Webster's First Case.

SPRAGUE: The Fate of the Indians.

BRYANT: The African Chief.

HUNTER: The Indian's Death Song.

ÆSOP: The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf.

KIPLING: The Law of the Jungle. I Keep Six Honest Serving Men.

WONDERFUL

Is n't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed,—
But all Earth's workmen, laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.

— Julian S. Cutler.

AN INDIAN'S SHARP EYES

MOST of us have not sharp eyes like the Indian's. He lives out of doors and uses his eyes. He notices everything about him. That is one reason why he is so sharp-witted. This is the story of how an Indian, who knew how to use his eyes, found that a little, old, lame, white man, whom he had never seen, stole a deer from the wigwam.

AN INDIAN'S SHARP EYES

Indians are close observers. One day an Indian was out looking after his traps. On his return he found a deer had been stolen from his wigwam. He determined to find the thief. He examined at once everything in and about the wigwam.

Following the trail of the thief, he met a party of white men. He asked them if they had seen a little old white man who was lame and had a short gun. They answered "No."

The Indian then added, "The man I am seeking has also a short-tailed dog, and he is carrying off a deer that he has stolen from my wigwam."

At this the men laughed and asked, "Why didn't you seize him when you saw him?"

"I did not see him," answered the Indian.

"How do you know, then, that he is little, and old, and lame, and white, and has a short gun and a bob-tailed dog?"

"I know he is short," replied the Indian, "because he piled up wood and stones to take the deer down. He is old because his steps are short. His tracks also show that he is lame; the footprints of his left foot are lighter than those of his right.

"I know his gun is short because I saw a scratch where he had leaned it against a tree. I saw where his dog, sitting in the sand, had left the print of a stumpy tail. I know he is a white man from his tracks and because he wore boots."

The white men were surprised at how much the Indian knew about a robber whom he had never seen or even heard of. The white men at once offered to help the Indian hunt the thief and it was not long until the thief was caught and punished.—*Old Indian Tale.*

NOTES

1. Read the old story of "The Lost Camel."
2. Observation tests: Does a sparrow walk or hop? How many legs has a spider? How many wings has a fly? A bee? How does a cow get up? A horse? What other careful observations have you made?

3. Measure on your desk or on the floor: two feet, one foot, six inches, one inch. Draw on paper a rectangle the size of a five-dollar bill. A circle the size of a penny. One the size of a silver dollar.
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: Indians (ĩn'dĩ-ǎnz), observers (ǒb-zũr'vērz), wĩg'wam (wôm), determined (dě-tũr'mĩnd), sēek'ĩng, examined, (ěg-zǎm'ĩnd), seize (sēz), bǒb'tailed, sũr-prised' (prĩzd), rǒb'běr, capture (kǎp'tũr).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) He found a deer had been stolen from his wigwam.
 - (b) The man I am seeking has also a short-tailed dog.
 - (c) Why didn't you seize him when you saw him?
 - (d) He is old because his steps are short.
 - (e) His tracks also show that he is lame.

EXERCISES

1. Why do you think Indians are close observers?
2. What did this Indian miss on returning from his traps?
3. What question did he ask the white men?
4. What further picture of the thief did he give?
5. What question did the white men ask?
6. How did the Indian explain that he knew the thief was little, old, lame, white, and had a short gun and a bob-tailed dog?
7. What offer did the white men make?
8. What came of the Indian's using his eyes?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ANONYMOUS: The Lost Camel.

SAXE: The Blind Men and the Elephant.

DOYLE: Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.

BUNNER: One, Two, Three.

KIPLING: The Law of the Jungle.

HOW ALL THE ANIMALS TRIED TO MAKE MAN

AN old Indian story tells us that all the other animals were made long before man. Each of them tried to be master of the world but failed. At last they all came together to make a being called Man who should be strong enough and wise enough to be master over all other creatures. Coyote called the meeting and acted as chairman. Around him in a circle were Lion, Bear, Deer, Sheep, Fish, Eagle, Owl, Mole, Mouse, and all the other animals. Here is a report of their meeting telling just how the Indians say these animals made *Man*.

HOW ALL THE ANIMALS TRIED TO MAKE MAN *

Coyote: We must make Man. How shall we do it?

Lion [*roaring*]: That is very simple. Give him a mighty voice to frighten all the animals, and strong paws, and big sharp teeth. Then he will be master of the world. Never fear!

Mouse [*shrinking away*]: Oh, oh, oh!

* Dramatized from Marion F. Lansing's "How All the Animals Tried to Make Man," from "Dramatic Readings for Schools" by The Macmillan Company, and used by the courteous permission of the author and the publishers.

Bear [growling]: Not at all. It is perfectly ridiculous to have such a great voice. Half the time it frightens the prey so that it has time to get away and hide. Let this man be one who moves quietly and swiftly. And let him have great strength to hold what he captures.

Deer [interrupting]: But think how foolish he would look without antlers to fight with. [*Lion roars and Bear growls.*] I agree with Bear that there is no sense in giving him a roaring voice. I should pay less attention to his throat and more to his ears and eyes. Let us make his ears as sensitive as a spider's web, and his eyes like coals of fire.

Sheep: Ba-a! ba! What is the use of antlers? They always catch in the thickets. Let us roll up the antlers into little horns on either side of his head. That will give his head weight and make him able to butt harder. Then give him thick hair to keep him warm.

Fish: No, no! give him skin instead of hair, and let him live in the water.

Coyote: You animals have no brains. Each of you wants Man to be just like yourself. You might as well take one of your own children and call it Man.

Lion [interrupting]: Then take mine and call it Man.

Coyote [not seeming to hear]: For my part I

know that I am not the best animal that can be made. Of course, I wish Man to have four legs like myself, and five toes. But Bear's toes spread out straight so that he can stand on two feet. That is a good way. I want Man's toes to be spread out like Bear's.

Bear: Yes, yes; give him toes like mine!

Sheep: And four legs like mine!

Bearer: And a broad tail like mine!

Coyote: Man had better have no tail, for tails are good only for fleas to ride on. He may have a voice like Lion's, but he need not roar all the time. He need not have thick hair. That would only be a burden. Look at Fish. He has no hair, and is comfortable under the hottest sun. So I want Man's skin to be like the skin of Fish.

Eagle: He will need claws like mine!

Deer: What about ears and eyes?

Coyote [continuing]: As to claws, they *should* be like Eagle's, so that he can carry things. Deer's eyes and ears are good, and his throat, too. So I would make Man with ears and eyes and throat like Deer's.

Deer: Friend Coyote, why not take my child for Man?

Coyote [not noticing]: Then there is one more thing. No animal beside myself has wit enough to rule the world. So I must give Man some of

my own wit, making him crafty, and cunning, and wise, like me.

Beaver: Well, well, it is all foolishness to make Man without a broad tail. How could he haul mud and sand to build his house without a tail to carry it on?

Owl: And I think it is perfectly senseless not to think of giving him wings. I cannot see of what use anything on earth would be without wings.

Mole [*sniffing*]: Pu-u-u! It is senseless to have wings. They bump you against the sky. And eyes are useless, too. The sun only burns them. It would be better to give Man soft fur and let him cuddle down in the cool, moist earth.

Mouse [*in squeaky voice*]: Living in the earth is the worst nonsense of all. He would have to creep into the sunshine to get warm. And he needs eyes to see what he is eating.

Lion: He must have a loud voice, I say, and stout paws and big sharp teeth!

Bear: I say, great strength, and toes like mine!

Sheep: Horns and thick hair!

Owl: Oo-reech-oo!

Coyote: Stop your noise! You may all go home. I will make Man myself.

All Animals [*quarreling and breaking up council*]: I'll make Man myself!

[*Animals rush quarreling and snapping to the clay bank. Each begins to model a figure. At sundown, all slept but Coyote. Coyote destroys all the other models, then finishes his own.*]

Coyote: Waken, sleepyheads! Where is your work?

All Other Animals: Some one has destroyed my model while I slept. Coyote, you did it!

Coyote [holding model up]: Behold this work of my hand. It is as I have told you Man must be. *Let this figure live and be a man!*

NOTES

1. Read or tell to the class other stories of creation and how man came to be. See Genesis I.
2. All peoples have stories telling of creation, changing seasons, the flood, sunrise and sunset, and other beautiful stories. See how many others of these stories you have read.
3. The children often like to select those that are to take the different parts. Before reading, let them do this. Each one should be master of his own part and know all the rest of the story.
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: coyote (kī-ō'tê), simple (sīm'p'l), frighten (frīt' 'n), ridiculous (rĭ-dĭk'û lŭs), prey (prā), swift'ly, captures (kăp'tŭrz), roaring (rōr'ing), attention (ă-tĕn'shŭn), sĕn'sĭ-tĭve, ănt'lĕrs, burden (bŭr'd'n), comfortable (kŭm'fĕr-tă-b'l), crăft'y, cŭn'ning, sĕnse'lĕss, nŏn'sĕnse.

5. Read slowly and distinctly:

- (a) Give him a mighty voice to frighten all the animals.
- (b) It is perfectly ridiculous to have such a great voice.
- (c) Let us make his ears as sensitive as a spider's web.
- (d) No animal beside myself has wit enough to rule the world.
- (e) They bump you against the sky.

EXERCISES

1. Where did this story come from?
2. Who are gathered in council?
3. For what purpose have they met?
4. What kind of *Man* does Lion want?
5. What does Bear think *Man* should have? Deer?
6. What does Sheep think? Beaver? Owl? Eagle? Mole?
7. What does the Coyote think *Man* should have?
8. What does the Coyote have that *Man* most needs?
9. What did each of the animals decide to do?
10. How was *Man* made at last?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Genesis i.

How the Indians First Obtained Fire — Old Indian Tale.

The Old Man Who Made Withered Trees to Flower — Japanese Folk-Tale.

McALDEN: The Forest Full of Friends.

TELLER: The Children of the Flood.

BUCKLEY: The Fairyland of Science.

COMSTOCK: Dramatic Version of Greek Myths—Phaëton, Perseus and Atlas, Theseus, Arion.

THANKSGIVING DAY

BIG dinners with roast turkey, jam, pumpkin pie, and steaming plum puddings make many of us look forward with wild joy to the happy Thanksgiving time. All the pleasures we enjoy are our finest expressions of thanks for life and home and peace and plenty.

The earliest harvest Thanksgiving was kept by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in the year 1621. Their Thanksgiving was a great week of feasting and worship as a sign of their appreciation of God's blessings in the new land. In an old account of this first festival we read:

“Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men out fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They killed in one day so much fowl (wild turkey) as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a week.”—*Mourt's Relation*.

Ninety Indians with their chief Massasoit were feasted by the colonists, the Indians themselves supplying “five deer and a great store of turkeys.”

For many years thereafter, Thanksgiving was observed frequently. Congress recommended

an annual Thanksgiving during the Revolution and a special Thanksgiving in 1784 for the return of peace. Washington set aside a Thanksgiving day in 1789 after the adoption of the constitution and another in 1795 for the general welfare of the people. Madison proclaimed a special day in 1815 for the peace following the War of 1812. Since 1863, the President has issued annual proclamations setting aside the last Thursday in November as a day of general thanksgiving for personal and national blessings.

In the following poem, the author has kept the rollicking spirit of Thanksgiving as that festival lives fresh and sweet in the heart of every child. The spirit of the great New England family festival is nowhere else so faithfully shown.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
 To grandfather's house we'll go;
 The horse knows the way
 To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.
Over the river and through the wood,—
 Oh, how the wind does blow!
 It stings the toes
 And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.



THROUGH THE WOOD

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a jolly play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow;
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

— *Lydia Maria Child.*

NOTES

1. Tell all you can of the customs observed on Thanksgiving Day.
2. What games are usually played then?
3. How many things have you seen people do that tell you they appreciate the meaning of Thanksgiving?

4. Tell all you can of Thanksgiving in other lands.
5. *Dăp'ple gray*. Gray with spots or patches of a different shade.
6. Read the following slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) It stings the toes and bites the nose.
 - (b) Trot fast, my dapple gray!
 - (c) Spring over the ground like a hunting hound!
 - (d) Is the pudding done?
7. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of as here used: *grănd'fă'thēr*, sleigh (*slā*), drift'ēd, stings, hūnt'ing, hound, grănd'mother (*mūth'ēr*), pudding (*pood'ing*), pūmp'kīn, straight (*strāt*), *ěx-trēme'lŷ*.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the story of the first Thanksgiving.
2. Give briefly the history of Thanksgiving as a great national feast day.
3. What does the first stanza of the poem tell of a common Thanksgiving practice?
4. What experiences of the trip to Grandfather's are given?
5. Why say "Trot fast, my dapple gray"?
6. Why "spring over the ground"?
7. Why did they seem to go "extremely slow"?
8. Who is speaking in the poem?
9. Why should the speaker exclaim, "Hurrah for the fun"?
10. Why should he be so enthusiastic about the pudding and the pumpkin pie?
11. Select from the poem all the expressions that tell how happy the speaker was.
12. Why do you think children like this Thanksgiving poem the best of all?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ALDRICH: Thanksgiving Day.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON: The First Thanksgiving Day.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD: Margie's Thanksgiving.

BUTTERWORTH: The Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor.

PHOEBE CARY: Thanksgiving.

EATON: Farmer John's Thanksgiving.

HANNAH E. GAREY: Thanksgiving.

GUNTERMAN: The First Thanksgiving.

HAVERGAL: Thanksgiving.

MARGARET SANGSTER: Thanksgivin' Pumpkin Pies. Elsie's Thanksgiving.

SHURTLEFF: The Old Thanksgiving Days.

WHITTIER: The Pumpkin. Harvest Hymn. Thanksgiving Ode.

ALCOTT: An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving.

STODDARD: Polly's Thanksgiving.

POP CORN SONG *

In they drop with a click, clack, click,
 Kernels so hard and yellow;
'Round they whirl with a hop, skip, hop,
 Each little dancing fellow.
Up they leap, with a snap, crack, snap,
 Tossing so light and airy;
Out they pour with a soft, swift rush,
 Snowballs fit for a fairy.

— *Sophia T. Newman.*

* Used by the courteous permission of N. F. Bigelow, editor of *Good House-keeping*, in which the poem originally appeared.

THANKSGIVING DAY

WITH all the fun and good things to eat, we almost forget the real meaning of Thanksgiving day. In this poem, Eugene Field has told us all we ever dreamed of Thanksgiving fun and good things. He believed that only happy persons enjoyed Thanksgiving. The poem fairly makes our mouths water for turkey, jam, and pie, but tells us how we come to have all the fun and good things and why we set aside the day.

THANKSGIVING DAY *

Pies of pumpkin, apple, mince,
Jams and jellies, peach and quince,
Purple grapes and apples red,
Cakes and nuts and gingerbread —
That's Thanksgiving.

Turkey! Oh, a great big fellow!
Fruits all ripe and rich and mellow,
Everything that's nice to eat,
More than I can now repeat —
That's Thanksgiving.

* Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lots and lots of jolly fun,
Games to play and races run,
All as happy as can be —
For this happiness you can see
 Makes Thanksgiving.

We must thank the One who gave
All the good things that we have:
That is why we keep the day
Set aside, our mothers say,
 For Thanksgiving.

— *Eugene Field.*

NOTES

1. See the introduction to Child's *Thanksgiving Day* for a history of the first Thanksgiving.
2. Tell of how people observe Thanksgiving in the churches. In the schools.
3. What do you know of how Thanksgiving Day is observed in other lands?
4. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: Thanksgiving (thăŋks'gĭv'ĭng) pŭmp'kĭn, quince (kwĭns), pŭr'ple, gĭn-gĕr-bread, tŭr'key, mellow, (mĕl'ō), rê-peat' (pĕt) ,hăp'pĭ-nĕss, â-sĭde, mothers (mŭth'ĕrs).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Pies of pumpkin, apple, mince.
 - (b) Everything that's nice to eat.
 - (c) For this happiness you can see
 Makes Thanksgiving.
 - (d) We must thank the One who gave
 All the good things that we have.
 - (e) That is why we keep the day set aside.

EXERCISES

1. What fun do we have on Thanksgiving?
2. What good things to eat are connected with Thanksgiving?
3. Why does the poet say, "More than I can now repeat"?
4. What games or other fun are connected with Thanksgiving?
5. How does this happiness make Thanksgiving?
6. Who is really to be thanked for the good things we have?
7. Why is one day set aside each year as Thanksgiving Day?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

CHILD: Thanksgiving Day.
BROTHERTON: The First Thanksgiving.
PHŒBE CARY: Thanksgiving.
EATON: Farmer John's Thanksgiving.
ALDRICH: Thanksgiving Day.
SANGSTER: Thanksgivin' Pumpkin Pies.
WHITTIER: Harvest Hymn.
CURTIS: The Doll's Thanksgiving.
BINGHAM: Little Pumpkin's Thanksgiving.

STRENGTH FOR THE HOUR

No man can choose what coming hours may
bring

To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour
To meet its challenge — this is in his power.
— *Priscilla Leonard.*

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

WHEN snow comes and leaves and flowers
are gone, everything in nature seems dead.
Trees look dead. The grass seems dead.
Flowers are nipped by Jack Frost. None of
these are dead. They are only "asleep."
When spring comes, they will awaken to new
life. In this poem, the apple tree, the grass,
and the tiny flower tell in turn of their winter
"sleep" and of their coming awakening.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP *

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
 "Because I have never a leaf to show —
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
 And the dull gray mosses over me
 grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
 The buds of next May
 I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

* Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

"You think I am dead,"

The quick grass said,

"Because I have parted with stem and
blade;

But under the ground

I am safe and sound

With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.

I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,

Should the spring of the year

Come dancing here,—

But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"

A soft voice said,

"Because not a branch or root I own!

I never have died,

But close I hide

In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.

Patient I wait through the long winter hours;

You will see me again —

I shall laugh at you then,

Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

— *Edith M. Thomas.*

NOTES

1. In winter, examine branches of trees, the roots of grass, and various seeds. See if you can find life in them.
2. What becomes of squirrels, birds, and bees in winter?
3. *Quick grass.* Live grass.

4. *Plumy seed.* A downy seed.
5. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: mǒss'ēs, with'ered (ērd), blanket (blǎŋ'kēt), dancing (dǎn'sing), plumy (plōōm'ī), patient (pā'shēnt).
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot.
 - (b) But I pity the withered grass at my root.
 - (c) I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
 - (d) Close I hide in a plumy seed that the wind has
sown.
 - (e) I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.

EXERCISES

1. Who first speaks in the poem?
2. Why is the apple tree thought to be dead?
3. What tells you the time of year?
4. What is the tree really doing?
5. Why does the tree pity the grass?
6. Why does the grass seem dead?
7. Why does the grass pity the flower?
8. Why does the flower seem dead?
9. In what condition is it?
10. How can the flower in spring "laugh" at the grass?
11. What does this poem tell us about the "sleep" of trees, grass, and flowers?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

- ALDRICH: Marjorie's Almanac.
 HOWITT: The Voice of Spring.
 BROWN: The Seed.

SETOUN: How the Flowers Grow.

BEECHER: The Anxious Leaf.

GOULD: The Frost.

COOLIDGE: How the Leaves Came Down.

ABBOTT: The Flower's Thanks.

COOPER: A Wonderful Weaver.

MOTHER SONG

Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!
Sleep!

Father and Mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE THREE BUGS

IN a game, one has to play by the rules. No one can do just as he pleases. If one cheats, refuses to be "out," or will not be "it" when it is his turn, children will not play with him. One cannot be selfish and "play fair." In the following poem, Alice Cary has told the story of bugs who would not "play fair" and of what happened to them.

THE THREE BUGS *

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two;
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you;
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
So what should the three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you.
So the strong one said, "We will eat the bread,
And that's what we will do!"

* Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of the works of Alice Cary.

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two could hold;
And so they fell to quarreling —
The white, the black, and the gold —
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold.

He that was left in the basket
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a shred to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

So there was war in the basket;
Ah! pity 't is, 't is true!
But he that was frozen and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree —
The black, the white, and the gold —
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

— *Alice Cary.*

NOTES

1. Alice Cary and her sister Phœbe Cary wrote many beautiful poems children like. They were born near Cincinnati, spent their earlier years on the old homestead, and later moved to New York. *The Clovernook Papers* (1853) and *The Clovernook Children* (1854) are beautiful tales of western life.
2. Tell what you have seen happen to those who did not "play fair."
3. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: bās'kēt, hārd'ly, yēl'low (ō), space (spās), crumbs (krūmz), sēl'fish, quarreling (kwōr'ēl-īng), with-out', shrēd, across (ā-krōs), frō'zen, stārved, strēngth, weakness (wēk'nēs).
4. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Three little bugs in a basket.
 - (b) So what should the three bugs do?
 - (c) And all were selfish in their hearts.
 - (d) And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold.
 - (e) But he that was frozen and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew.

EXERCISES

1. What did the poet mean by "and one like me or you"?
2. How badly were the bugs crowded?
3. What food had they?
4. What kind of bugs were they?
5. Explain "The same as I or you" in stanza two.
6. How did the three bugs divide the beds?
7. What did the cold, starved bug do?
8. How did the quarrel come out?
9. What did the poet think would have been better than quarreling?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BUTTERWORTH: Thinking Only of Myself.

CARY: They Didn't Think. A Lesson of Mercy. That Calf.

PERRAULT: Cinderella.

COOLIDGE: The Robin and the Chicken.

ANDERSEN: The Discontented Fir Tree.

ÆSOP: Belling the Cat. The Dog and the Shadow. The Echo.

AN OLD HINDU TALE: The Quails.

DAYRE: Agreed to Disagree.

FIELD: Good Children Street.

HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

WE like to read tales of animals. We like to hear them talk and see them act in the story, for they talk and act so much like persons. The great fierce lion in this story found that it paid to be good to the poor weak little mouse. When you have read the story, see if you can find how it pays persons to treat each other.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A fierce lion lay asleep in the heart of the deep woods. The birds sang over his head. The little mice played on the ground near his bed. They became so free in their sport that one ran under the huge paw of the lion himself.

He awoke with a start, and the poor little mouse was held fast beneath his heavy foot.

"Oh, pray let me go, great Lion!" she cried. "Do not crush me with your heavy foot! I was only in play. I have never hurt you. If you will let me go I will always be your friend."

The lion laughed aloud. A strange friend would a little mouse be for him! But he said, "Very well. Do not forget," and lifted his heavy paw.

Away sped the little mouse, glad to be free.

A long time after, as the lion roamed through the woods, he became entangled in a hunter's net. He struggled to make himself free, but the harder he tried the tighter grew the cords about him.

He knew that the hunter would soon come, and that his life would be lost; for he lay there as helpless as the tiniest creature in the forest.

Just then he heard a voice in his ear. "Kind Lion, can I help you now?" It was the little mouse who had promised to be his friend.

"How can you help me?" he groaned. "You are so small."

But the mouse said, "Wait and see." And he set his sharp teeth to work upon the cords of the net, busily and patiently.

He worked until the cords were broken. The lion stretched his great limbs and stood on his feet, glad to be free.— *From Æsop.*

NOTES

1. The old fables are interesting because they let us discover, in the speech and acts of animals, how men speak and act. Read others of Æsop's Fables.
2. What have you known a horse or a dog to do that makes you think they are almost human?
3. Pronounce correctly and give meanings of as here used: fierce (fērs), huge (hūj), beneath (bē-nēth'), crush (krūsh), laughed (läft), lift'ed, entangled

(ĕn-tăŋ'g'ld), tighter (tīt'ēr), cōrds, tī'nĭ-ĕst, creature (krē'tūr), fōr'ĕst, prōm'ised, groaned (grōnd), busily (bĭz'ĭ-lĭ), patiently (pă'shĕnt-lĭ), limbs (lĭmz).

4. Read slowly and distinctly:

(a) A fierce lion lay asleep in the heart of the deep woods.

(b) Do not crush me with your heavy foot!

(c) He struggled to make himself free.

(d) The harder he tried the tighter grew the cords.

(e) And he set his sharp teeth to work upon the
cords of the net.

EXERCISES

1. How did the little mouse get caught?
2. What did the little mouse promise the lion?
3. Why did the lion laugh aloud?
4. Why do you think the fierce lion let the mouse go?
5. What later happened to the lion?
6. In how great danger was he?
7. What did the little mouse now ask?
8. How did the lion feel about help the little mouse could give?
9. How did the mouse free the lion?
10. If the little mouse were a person, what kind of person would he be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Lark and the Farmer. The Blind Man and the Lame Man.
The Body and Its Members.

TROWBRIDGE: The Fox in the Well.

LANG: Androcles and the Lion.

JACOBS: The Lion, the Fox, and the Story-Teller.

CARY: The Pig and the Hen.

WILLIAMS: Fellow Laborer.

KIPLING: The Law of the Jungle.

KING SOLOMON AND THE TWO MOTHERS

IN old times, the kings acted as judges and decided all disputes between the people. What the king said was law. If a king were not wise and good, the people could not get justice. Solomon, King of Israel, was known as the wisest man that ever lived. The story of his wisdom has come down to us. In the following story, two women claimed to be mothers of the same child. The clever way in which the wise King Solomon decided who was the real mother is told.

KING SOLOMON AND THE TWO MOTHERS

Once upon a time, two mothers lived together with their two tiny babies. One morning, one of the little children was found dead. Both mothers now claimed the living child as her own. They disputed long and loud. The neighbors were drawn to the house by the angry words. It seemed impossible to tell who was the mother of the living child.

At last, both mothers decided to go to King

Solomon so that he could hear their stories and settle the dispute.

"The living is my son, and the dead is thy son," said the one.

"Nay, but the dead is thy son, and the living is my son," said the other. Thus they spoke before the king.

Each told her story, and each made so clever a case that none of the people who stood by could decide which of the women was the true mother. For a time, the king himself was perplexed, for from their stories, he could not decide.

But the wise king could read the heart of a mother. He said, "One says, 'This is my son that liveth and thy son *is* the dead'; the other says, 'Nay, but thy son is the dead, and my son *is* the living.'"

Then commanded King Solomon, "Bring me a sword," and they brought a sword before the king.

And the king said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other."

One of the women answered, "Yea, great King, if I may not have the child, give me one half; for I would not that this other woman should have him."

But the other fell upon her knee and begged

the king saying, "O King, I pray thee, harm not the child. If I may not take him, give this woman the living child, but in no wise slay it."

Then the king answered and said, "Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it; for she is the true mother."— *Retold from the Bible.*

NOTES

1. This story is taken from I Kings iii, 16-28. King Solomon ruled Israel from 977 B. C. to 937 B. C. See I Kings i-xi and II Chronicles i-ix.
2. Tell of other clever decisions you have known.
3. *Each made so clever a case.* Each told the story so well that it seemed true.
4. *In no wise.* By no means.
5. Pronounce distinctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences of your own: claimed (clām'd), dis-pūt'ed, im-pōs'si-ble, dē-cīd'ed, settle (sēt'l), perplexed (pěr-plēkst'), cōm-mānd'ed, swōrd, dī-vidē', begged (bēg'd).
6. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) The living is my son, and the dead is thy son.
 - (b) The king himself was perplexed.
 - (c) And they brought a sword before the king.
 - (d) Divide the living child in two.
 - (e) Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it.

EXERCISES

1. What was the cause of the dispute?
2. Why did it seem impossible to tell who was the true mother?
3. How did they decide to have the dispute settled?

4. What did each say to the king?
5. Why was the king perplexed?
6. What command did the king now give?
7. Why did he tell them to divide the child?
8. What answer did the first woman make?
9. What answer did the second woman make?
10. What was Solomon's decision?
11. How can you tell whether or not the decision was right?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Partial Judge. Socrates and His Friends. The Thief and the Boy.

MACDONALD: Baby.

RILEY: Babyhood.

GRIMM BROTHERS: Rumpel-Stilts-Kin.

ANDERSEN: The Princess on the Pea. The Story of a Mother.

LONGFELLOW: The Children.

BROWNING: Pied Piper of Hamelin.

ISAACS: When Solomon Was King.

LIFE

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—forenoon, and —
what!

The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life. Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered and thy crown is won.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

THE SHADOWS

SHADOWS seem almost alive. Little children often try to step on shadows to hold them fast, and even try to run away from them. Some children are frightened at their shadows. They run into the house and find their shadows have gone. In this poem, the author has shown us the many pranks of shadows and has even told us what makes it all black when the lights are out.

THE SHADOWS *

All up and down in shadow-town
The shadow children go;
In every street you're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,
They play at hide and seek,
But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there's always one
To follow you about.

* Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you'll find him fast
Beside you at the door.



PHOTOGRAPH BY KABEL

THE SHADOWS

A faithful friend is he to lend
His presence everywhere;
Blow out the light — to bed at night —
Your shadow-mate is there!

Then he will call the shadows all
Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! they make it black
And fill your eyes with sleep!
— *Frank Dempster Sherman.*

NOTES

1. Read Stevenson's "My Shadow" found in *A Child's Garden of Verses*.
2. Tell of shadow pictures you have made. How many different kinds can you make?
3. Why do shadows of buildings seem to grow tall? What are the shadows?
4. *Hide and seek*. The swift-moving shadows seem to be at play like children.
5. *Lend his presence*. To be present.
6. *Shadow-mate*. One's shadow is with him so constantly, and so closely imitates every act, as to cause the poet to call it the *mate*.
7. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: shăd'ow (ō), rŭn'nĭng, mōve (mōōv), beneath (bē-nēth'), dān'cĭng, bē-side', faithful (fāth'fōol), presence (prĕz'ĕns).
8. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) In every street you're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.
 - (b) They move around without a sound.
 - (c) Go where you will, he follows still.
 - (d) You'll find him fast beside you at the door.
 - (e) They make it black and fill your eyes with sleep.

EXERCISES

1. What are the shadow children?
2. What is meant by their playing at hide and seek?
3. What is the one that follows you in the sun?
4. Why does he sometimes run before?
5. Why is he called "a faithful friend"?
6. Why does the poet call one's shadow his shadow-mate?

7. What does the poet say makes the room dark when the light is out?
8. What are shadows? How is the dark really made?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: My Shadow. The Land of Nod. The Land of Counterpane.

ANDERSEN: The Candles.

DODGE: Sunny Days.

ASPINWALL: The Shadow.

RICHARDS: The Shadow.

TABB: The Shadow.

FIELD: The Night Wind.

RILEY: Little Orphant Annie.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

The bee buzzed up in the heat,
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet,"
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed down from the heat.

And the bee buzzed up in the cold,
When the flower was withered and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It 's the fall of the year.
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

A CHRISTMAS WISH

EUGENE FIELD used to romp and play with his children and their playmates. He used to tell them many fine stories. They were always crowding around him and asking for a story. One time just before Christmas, he told them a long story of how he would like to spend Christmas. He wrote the story in poem form and here it is, the real Christmas wish of every one who knows how much children enjoy Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS WISH *

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For the poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one,
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;

* Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, Charles Scribner's Sons.

One would ask for a china set
 With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark
 With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
 And a little toy wash tub;
Some would prefer a little drum,
 For a noisy rub-a-dub;
Some would wish for a story book,
 And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
 Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
 And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor
 And the winter is hard to bear;
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
 And a thousand stockings or so,
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
 To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels
 And candy of every kind,
And buy all the almond and pecan nuts
 And taffy that I could find;

And barrels and barrels of oranges
 I'd scatter right in the way,
 So the children would find them the very
 first thing
 When they wake on Christmas day.

— *Eugene Field.*

NOTES

1. Read the Christmas story in Luke ii, 1-16.
2. Tell of all the odd ways you know in which people celebrate Christmas. What strange Christmas customs are followed in other lands?
3. If you had three wishes for Christmas, what would they be?
4. *A Noah's Ark.* The toy by that name.
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences of your own: stöck'ing, giant (jī'ünt), mēet'ing, search (sûrch), Chī'nā, beasts (bēsts), prē-fēr', noisy (noiz'ī), hăp'pī-nëss, tool'-bôx, flân'nëls, fröcks, wagon (wăg'ŭn), caramels (kăr'ă-mëls), almond (ă'mŭnd), pê-căn', tă'f'fŷ.
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) I'd like a stocking made for a giant.
 - (b) One would want a new jack-knife
 Sharp enough to cut.
 - (c) Some would be wild with happiness
 Over a new tool-box.
 - (d) I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks.
 - (e) I'd load a wagon with caramels.

EXERCISES

1. Why do we feel like doing things for others on Christmas?

2. Why would the hunt for poor little girls and boys be a "happy" one for the poet?
3. Why would he want to find every one?
4. What toys would he give the children?
5. Why would he want to give shoes and clothes to some?
6. Why would he want to scatter such loads of candy, nuts and fruit?
7. What do you think is the most fun one can have on Christmas?
8. If you had three wishes for Christmas, what would they be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LUKE ii, 1-16.

RAYMOND: The Christmas Angel.

LINDSAY: Gretchen's Christmas.

MOORE: A Visit From St. Nicholas.

HOWELLS: Christmas Every Day.

JACKSON: A Christmas Tree for Cats.

WIGGIN: The Birds' Christmas Carol. He Comes in the Night.

DICKENS: Christmas Carol.

HOWITT: Old Christmas.

BANGS: The House of Seven Santas.

CONTENTMENT

I am content. In triumph's tone
My song let people know!
And many a mighty man with throne
And scepter is not so.
And if he is, why, then I cry,
The man is just the same as I.

— *Claudius.*

WHERE DO THE OLD YEARS GO?

“**H**APPY NEW YEAR!” This is the glad greeting we give each other on New Year’s morning. The Old Year is gone. The glad New Year is ahead. We are happy and we want to make others happy. But as children, we sometimes wonder what becomes of the Old Year. The poet has here asked the question in the words of a little child. Which of us can tell where the old years go?

WHERE DO THE OLD YEARS GO?

Pray, where do the Old Years go, mamma,
When their work is over and done?
Does somebody tuck them away to sleep,
Quite out of the sight of the sun?

Was there ever a Year that made a mistake,
And stayed when its time was o’er,
Till it had to hurry its poor old feet,
When the New Year knocked at the door?

I wish you a happy New Year, mamma,—
I am sure new things are nice,—
And this one comes with a merry face,
And plenty of snow and ice.

But I only wish I had kept awake
 Till the Old Year made his bow,
 For what he said when the clock struck twelve
 I shall never find out now.

Do you think he was tired and glad to rest?
 Do you think that he said good-bye,
 Or faded away alone in the dark,
 Without so much as a sigh?

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

NOTES

1. Margaret E. Sangster, the author of this poem, is an American author who has written many beautiful stories and poems. She was the associate editor of *Harper's Young People* for seven years (1882-1889) and of *Harper's Bazaar* for ten years (1889-1899).
2. Tell how New Year's Eve and New Year's Day are observed.
3. Tell of New Year's resolutions you have known persons to make. Tell how the resolutions were kept.
4. *Prāy*. Here meaning "I beg you to tell."
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: tŭck, quĭte, mĭs-tāke', stayed (stād), hŭr'rŷ, knocked (nŏkt), bow, tired (tir'd), fād'ĕd, sigh (sĭ).
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Pray, where do the Old Years go?
 - (b) Does somebody tuck them away to sleep
 Quite out of the sight of the sun?
 - (c) This one comes with a merry face.
 - (d) I only wish I had kept awake.
 - (e) Do you think that he said good-bye?

EXERCISES

1. Who is speaking in the poem?
2. What is the one great question asked?
3. Why does the child think the years may have been "tucked away to sleep"?
4. What is the answer to the question asked in stanza two?
5. Why is the child sure the New Year is "nice"?
6. What will the child not find out? Would he have known if he had been awake?
7. How many things does the child think may have happened to the Old Year?
8. Just what does become of the Old Year?
9. What good things may each one have in the New Year?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ROBERTS: The Changing Year.
TENNYSON: Ring Out, Wild Bells!
COOPER: The New Year.
THAXTER: The Child and the Year.
ROSSETTI: New Year Ditty.
SHELLEY: Dirge for the Year.
BRYANT: A Song for New Year's Eve.

ROLL IT AROUND

Roll a kind thought round, children,
Roll it all around!
Until it gathers all kind thoughts
That gentle hearts have found.

— *Anonymous.*

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

EVERYONE likes a good story. It is all the better if it is about playthings. Years ago Hans Christian Andersen, known as the "King of Fairy Tales," collected a great number of charming stories which he wrote for the delight of the children of Denmark. This is one of his stories which the children of all lands like to hear many times. It is the story of a poor little one-legged tin soldier. This soldier was one of a box of tin soldiers given to a little boy for a birthday present. But this little tin soldier was different from all the rest, and the many strange things which happened to him are told in the story.

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers. They were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them. Their uniforms were red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words, "Tin soldiers!"

These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands. The soldiers had been given to him on his birthday. Each soldier was exactly like the rest except the one which had been cast last, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two; and it was just this soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Before the castle was placed a little looking-glass to represent a clear lake. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she was also cut out of paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and as she was balanced on one leg when the Tin Soldier saw her, he thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

“That would be the wife for me,” thought he; “but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box. It is no place for her. But I must try to make acquaintance with her.”

And then he lay down at full length behind a snuffbox which was on the table; there he could easily watch the dainty little lady, who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

When the evening came all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and at "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somersaults, and the pencil amused itself on the table. There was so much noise that the canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady. She stood straight on the points of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as enduring on his one leg.

But the clock struck twelve — and, bounce! the lid flew off the snuffbox; but there was no snuff in it, only a little black Goblin.

"Tin Soldier," said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

But when the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window;

and whether it was the Goblin or the wind that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and struck with helmet downward and his bayonet between the paving stones.

The servant maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him, they could not see him. If the Soldier had cried out, "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last it came down in streams. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a Tin Soldier. He must come and ride in a boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it, and so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. Goodness preserve us! how the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm, never changed countenance, looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as it was in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady only sat here with me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for all that I should care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, which lived under the drain.

"Have you a passport?" said the Rat.

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood.

"Hold him! hold him! He hasn't paid toll — he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think! Just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal!

Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge.

It must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the Soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty Dancer, and how he should never see her again; and it sounded in his ears:

“Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!”

And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was even darker than in the drain tunnel. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed and a voice said aloud, “The Tin Soldier!” The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the Soldier round the body with both her hands, and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about inside a fish. They placed him on the table, and there — no! What curious things may happen in the world. The Tin Soldier was in

the very room in which he had been before! He saw the same children, and the same toys stood on the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful Dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and holding the other extended in the air. She was hardy, too. That moved the Tin Soldier; he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for this. It must have been the Goblin's fault.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from love, he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, the draught of air caught the Dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the Tin Soldier, flashed up in a flame, and was gone. Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little

tin heart. But of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

NOTES

1. Hans Christian Andersen was a Danish writer and story-teller who was born in 1805 and died in 1875. He had no children of his own, but he had hundreds of child friends. He used to make doll's clothes and paste up screens of picture cards for the children he knew. Before he died, his people erected a statue of him on one of the public playgrounds of Copenhagen, the capital city of Denmark. The statue may be seen there — Hans Andersen seated in an armchair, with one finger raised as he tells a fairy tale to a listening child.
2. *Castle* (*kás' 'l*). A fortified building, usually that of a prince or knight.
3. *Göb'lin*. Here a playful being like a brownie or an elf.
4. *Päss'port*. A letter giving one the right to travel from one place to another.
5. *Sylph* (*sŭlf*). A fairy sprite of the air.
6. Be prepared to pronounce correctly, give meanings as here used, and use in sentences of your own: splén'díd, üt'têred, clăp'pîng, ěx-ăct'lŭ, rê-mărk'-ă-ble,ăt-trăct'ĕd, gauze (gôz), băl'ănce, vŭŭt'ing, somersault (sŭm'ĕr-sôlt), că-nă'rŭ, stretched (strĕch'd), ěn-dŭr'ing, prĕ-tĕnd'ĕd, draught (drăft), trôd, fŭt'ting, prĕ-sĕrve', trĕm'bled, coun'tĕ-nănce, mŭs'kĕt, răp'id-lŭ, gnashed (năsh'd), tŭn'nĕl, că-năl', stŭff'ĕn-ing, seized (sĕz'd), curious (kŭ'rŭ-ŭs). Example: The soldiers wore *splendid* uniforms.

7. Articulation and pronunciation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
- (a) It was just this soldier who became remarkable.
 - (b) She had a dress of clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders.
 - (c) Then he could easily watch the dainty little lady.
 - (d) Tin Soldier, don't stare at things that don't concern you!
 - (e) The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled.
 - (f) The Tin Soldier kept silence and held his musket tighter than ever.
 - (g) He still stood firm, shouldering his musket.

EXERCISES

1. What was strange about this Tin Soldier?
2. Describe the castle and the little lady.
3. What did the Tin Soldier think when he saw her? What did he do?
4. What happened to the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady when all the other toys were at play?
5. Tell what the little Goblin did and said.
6. What happened to the Tin Soldier the next morning?
7. What next happened to him? What shows that he was brave?
8. Tell of his meeting the Water Rat.
9. What happened to him in the great canal?
10. Tell how the Tin Soldier came to be in the very room where he had been before.
11. Tell what next took place.
12. Why do you think this Tin Soldier melted into the shape of a heart?
13. What do you like best about the story?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ANDERSEN: The Flying Trunk. The Metal Pig. The Flax. The Little Mermaid. The Little Match Girl. Twelve by the Mail.

GRIMM BROTHERS: The Frog Prince. The Golden Goose. The Blue Light. Rumpel-Stilts-Kin. The Elves and the Shoemaker. The Golden Bird. The Sleeping Beauty.

RICHARDS: The Golden Windows.

THACKERAY: Fairy Days.

PERRAULT: Cinderella.

GWENDOLEN HASTE: Fairyland.

ALLINGHAM: The Fairies.

A RIDDLE

A bridge weaves its arch with pearls

High over the tranquil sea;

In a moment it unfurls~

Its span, unbounded, free.

The tallest ship with swelling sail

May pass beneath its arch with ease;

It carries no burden, 't is too frail,

And with your quick approach it flees.

With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes;

What it is made of nobody knows.

— *Schiller.*

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

HOW everything seems to fly past when one is on a railway train! What joy it is to ride on the fast train and see horses, cattle, trees, and houses whiz by like the wind! This poem gives the picture and the thrill that comes to every child who rides the fast train.

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE *

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows, the horses and cattle.

All the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes,
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!

Here is a cart run away in the road,
Lumping along with man and load;

* Used by the courteous permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NOTES

1. Read Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Read the sketch of Stevenson's life in the introduction.
2. Tell of rides you have had on the fast train.
3. Have you ever noticed that the distant trees and houses seemed to move with the train while those nearer seemed to fly past? See if you can explain this.
4. *Railway carriage* (*kār'īj*). In England the passenger coach, or car, is often called a *carriage*.
5. *Stringing the daisies*. Making the daisy-chain. A pleasant pastime for children.
6. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: fairies (*fār'iz*), witches (*wich'iz*), bridges (*brīj'ēs*), hedges (*hēj'ēs*), ditches (*dīch'ēs*), chārg'-ing, trōōps, bāt'tle, meadows (*mēd'ōz*), driv'ing, stations (*stā'shūns*), whistle (*hwīs' l*), clām'bērs, brām'bles, strīng'ing, lūmp'ing, glimpse (*glīmps*).
7. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches.
 - (b) And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.
 - (c) Here is a child who clambers and scrambles.
 - (d) Here is a tramp who stands and gazes.
 - (e) Each a glimpse and gone forever.

EXERCISES

1. Why does everything seem to go so fast?
2. Why do the horses and cattle seem to *charge* like troops?
3. What other things in the poem tell how fast the train seems to go?
4. What are some of the *sights* seen from the train?
5. What is meant by "stringing the daisies"?
6. Just what does the last line mean?
7. What other sights than those given may be seen from the fast train?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: Foreign Lands. Marching Song. The Land of Storybooks.
The Swing.

JACKSON: A Night in a Sleeping-Car.

SHERMAN: The Shadows. The Daisies.

FIELD: The Shut-Eye Train. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

LEAR: The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.

RAND: The Wonderful World.

DO IT WELL

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it 's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.

— *Anonymous.*

THE SEVEN SONS

SELFISH persons often quarrel. It never pays to quarrel. Fighting, selfishness, and jealousy never get things done that are worth while. In the following fable, an old farmer taught his sons the value of getting along well with each other. See if you can tell from the fable just what the sons found to be true.

THE SEVEN SONS

A farmer had seven sons who could never agree among themselves. He had often told them how foolish they were to be always quarreling, but they kept on and gave no heed to his words.

One day he called them before him, and showed them a bundle of sticks tied tightly together.

"See which one of you can break this bundle," he said.

Each one took the bundle in his hands, and tried his best to break it; but it was so strong that they could not even bend it. At last they gave it back to their father, and said:—

"We cannot break it."

Then he untied the bundle and gave a single stick to each of his sons.

"Now see what you can do," he said.

Each one broke his stick with great ease.

"My sons," said the farmer, "you may learn a lesson from these sticks. If you will only stand together, you will be strong and hard to overcome; but if each one stand by himself, he will be weak and easily mastered."— *Æsop*.

NOTES

1. Read others of *Æsop's Fables*.
2. Tell what you have known children or others to lose by disagreeing.
3. *Gave no heed.* Paid no attention.
4. Have the pupils act this story so that the thought of it is made plain.
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: *á-gree'*, *fool'ish*, quarreling, (*kwör'rě-íng*), *bŭn'dle*, *tíght'lŷ*, together (*too-gěth'ěr*), ease (*ēz*), overcome (*ō'vēr-kŭm'*), *mă's'tĕred*.
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) A farmer had seven sons who could never agree among themselves.
 - (b) They kept on and gave no heed to his words.
 - (c) Which of you can break this bundle?
 - (d) We cannot break it.
 - (e) If each one stand by himself, he will be weak and easily mastered.

EXERCISES

1. What kind of sons had the farmer?
2. Why did they give no heed to his words?

3. What did he ask each to do with the bundle of sticks?
4. What did they say after trying the bundle?
5. What did the farmer next ask each to do?
6. What success did each have?
7. What lesson did the farmer say each son should get from this?
8. Why do you think this was better than telling the sons how bad it was to quarrel?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BUTTERWORTH: Thinking Only of Myself.

STEVENSON: The Lamplighter.

PERRAULT: Cinderella.

ÆSOP: Lion and Mouse. The Lame Man and the Blind Man.

TOPELIUS: The Red Cottage.

LUKE X, 25-37: Story of the Good Samaritan.

I CAN

“I can” is a worker;
He tills his broad fields,
And digs from the earth
All the wealth that it yields.

The hum of his spindles,
Begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges
Are blazing all night.

— William Allen Butler.

THE CONTENTED BOY

ONE day a man who was out riding stopped to pick a beautiful flower. His horse broke away from him, and ran down the road. The man ran after the horse but could not catch it. A little boy at work in a field near the road saw that the horse was running away. The boy ran quickly to the middle of the road, caught the horse, and held it till the owner came. The following conversation then took place between the man and the boy.

THE CONTENTED BOY

Mr. Lenox. Thank you, my good boy, you have caught my horse very nicely. What shall I give you for your trouble?

Boy. I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L. You want nothing? So much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But what were you doing in the field?

B. I was pulling up weeds, and tending the sheep that were feeding on turnips.

Mr. L. Do you like to work?

B. Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work. It is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My father, sir.

Mr. L. What is your name?

B. Peter Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. Eight years old, next June.

Mr. L. How long have you been here?

B. Ever since six o'clock this morning.

Mr. L. Are you not hungry?

B. Yes, sir, but I shall go to dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had a dime now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know, sir. I never had so much.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? What are they?

Mr. L. Such things as kites, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir. Tom and I play at football in winter, and I have a jumping rope. I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. Do you want nothing else?

B. I have hardly time to play with what I have. I have to drive the cows, and to run on errands, and to ride the horses to the fields, and that is as good as play.

Mr. L. You could get apples and cakes if you had money, you know.

B. I can have apples at home. As for cake, I do not want that. My mother makes me a pie now and then, which is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one. Here it is. Brother Tom gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes. Don't you want a new pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. I do not mind that, sir.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better one at home.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard when I am in the field, I get under a tree for shelter.

Mr. L. What do you do if you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there is none?

B. Then I work on, and never think about it.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, I am glad to see that you are so contented. Do you go to school?

B. Yes, sir. School will begin in September, and I intend to go every day.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, sir; I shall be in a new class, and I

shall need a reader, a geography, and an arithmetic.

Mr. L. Then I will give them to you. Tell your father so, and that it is because you are an obliging, contented little boy.

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good-by, Peter.

B. Good morning, sir.

— *John Aiken.*

NOTES

1. After studying and reading this lesson, have two members of the class act it. Two others may show how they think it should be acted, and so on.
2. Tell of boys or girls who are contented and work hard at their work.
3. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: caught (côt), trouble (trüb' l), tēnd'ing, tûr'nîps, weather (wēth'ēr), jûmp'ing, broken (brök' n), errands (ēr'ānds), knife (nîf), shēl'tēr, cōn-tēnt'-ēd, geography (jê-ög'-ra-fî), â-rîth'mê-tîc, obliging (ô-blij'ing).
4. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) What shall I give you for your trouble?
 - (b) I was pulling up weeds, and tending the sheep that were feeding on turnips.
 - (c) Who set you to work?
 - (d) I have hardly time to play with what I have.
 - (e) Then I work on, and never think about it.

EXERCISES

1. Why did the man stop to talk to the boy?
2. Why did not the boy want pay?

3. Why did the man say, "Few men can say as much"?
4. How old was the boy?
5. Why would he not rather play?
6. Why had he never had so much as a dime?
7. Why did he not know what "playthings" are?
8. Why did he not have much time to play?
9. Why did he think his work as good as play?
10. What other things tell you what kind of boy he is?
11. What kind of boy was he in school? Why?
12. Why did the man decide to give the boy books instead of money?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

TAYLOR: Contented John. The Violet.

CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.

ROGERS: The Old Man and the King.

JEWETT: Discontent.

ANONYMOUS: Try, Try Again.

ÆSOP: The Lark and Her Young Ones.

ANDERSEN: The Thorny Path of Honor.

GRIMM: Faithful John.

DAYS OF THE MONTH

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Save February, which alone
Has twenty-eight, but one day more
We add to it one year in four.

— *Anonymous.*

CINDERELLA

THE story of *Cinderella* is one of the oldest folk-tales in Europe. Like "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Puss in Boots," and "Sleeping Beauty," it had been told and retold for many, many years. Finally these stories were written in book form by Charles Perrault (pēr-rō'), a French writer, more than two hundred years ago.

This story of *Cinderella* was not really written by Charles Perrault. But he told it to his little boy ten years old who wrote it down from memory. The father was so much pleased with his little son's story that he printed it just as the boy wrote it. This is the story as the little boy told it — the story of a poor little stepdaughter who was mistreated by her proud stepsisters, but who at last gained the favor of a beautiful prince.

CINDERELLA

THE LITTLE CINDER GIRL

There was once an honest gentleman who took for his second wife a lady, the proudest and most disagreeable in the whole country. She had two daughters, by a former husband, exactly like herself in all things. The gentleman had also

one young daughter, by his first wife, who was a sweet and lovely creature, just as her mother had been before her.

The proud stepmother was jealous of this gentle little girl, for her own daughters were not so sweet and beautiful. So she gave the little girl the meanest tasks and the poorest fare. From dawn to dark she had to tend the fires, scour the pots and pans, scrub the floors, and clean the grates. And while the proud sisters had beautiful rooms, with comfortable beds and splendid full-length mirrors, this poor little damsel was sent to sleep in an attic, on an old straw mattress, with only one chair and not a looking-glass in the room.

When her daily work was done, she used to sit down in the chimney corner among the ashes; so the two sisters gave her the nickname of *Cinderella*. But Cinderella, though shabbily clad, was ever so much handsomer than they were with all their fine clothes.

THE PROUD SISTERS

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and invited to it all persons of fashion. Among those bidden were the two elder sisters. They were very proud and happy, and spent their whole time in planning what they should wear. This made it still harder for Cinderella, for it

was she who had to make ready their linen and laces, and who never could please them, however much she tried.

The young misses talked of nothing but their clothes.

“I,” said the elder, “shall wear my red velvet suit with French trimmings!”

“And I,” added the younger, “will have only my ordinary silk petticoat, but I shall adorn it with a skirt of flowered brocade, and shall put on my diamond breastpin, which is a great deal finer than anything of yours.”

Here the elder sister grew angry, and the dispute ran so high that Cinderella was called to decide between them. This she did as wisely as she could, and gently offered to dress them and arrange their hair.

On the evening of the ball, while she was combing the elder sister’s hair, this ill-natured girl said sharply, “Cinderella, do you not wish you were going to the ball?”

“Ah, madam,”—they desired her always to say madam,—“you are only mocking me; it is not my fortune to have any such pleasure.”

“You are right; people would only laugh to see a little cinder girl at a ball.”

Any one but Cinderella might have dressed their hair all awry, but she was sweet-tempered, and dressed it as prettily as she could.

The sisters had scarcely eaten for two days, and had broken a dozen stay laces a day in trying to make themselves slender. But to-night they broke a dozen more, and at last their tempers besides.

At last, however, the happy moment arrived. Cinderella followed the gay young ladies to the coach, watched them as they whirled away, and then sat down in the chimney corner and cried.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

Immediately, her godmother, who was a fairy, appeared beside her.

"What are you crying for, my little maid?"

"Oh, I wish—I wish—" Her sobs stopped her.

"You wish to go to the ball; isn't it so?"

Cinderella nodded.

"Well, then, be a good girl, and you shall go. First run into the garden, and fetch me the largest pumpkin you can find."

Cinderella could not imagine how a pumpkin could help her to go to the ball, but being obedient, she did as she was told.

Her godmother took the pumpkin, and having scooped out all its inside, struck it with her wand. Instantly it became a splendid gilt coach, lined with rose-colored satin.

"Now fetch me the mouse trap out of the pantry, my dear."

Cinderella brought it. It contained six of the fattest, sleekest mice. The fairy lifted up the wire door, and as each mouse ran out she gave it a light tap with her wand, changing it into a beautiful black horse.

"Now, what shall we do for a coachman, Cinderella?"

"Would you like to have me fetch the rat trap?"

"The very thing; go and bring it to me."

The rat trap was brought. Three huge rats were in it. Choosing the one with the longest beard, the fairy made him into a most respectable coachman, with the finest whiskers ever seen.

Six lizards were now brought from behind the watering pot in the garden. In a trice they were changed into six footmen, all in splendid livery, who jumped up behind the coach as if they had been footmen all their days.

"Well, Cinderella," said the fairy, "now you can go to the ball."

"What, in these clothes?" said Cinderella, piteously, looking down at her ragged frock.

Her godmother smiled, and touched her also with the wand. At the touch, her wretched threadbare jacket became stiff with gold and sparkling with jewels; her coarse petticoat lengthened into a gown of sweeping satin; and

from under it peeped out her little feet,—no longer bare, but covered with silk stockings and the prettiest glass slippers in the world.

“Now, Cinderella, depart; but remember, if you stay one instant after midnight, your carriage will become a pumpkin, your coachman a rat, your horses mice, and your footmen lizards; while you yourself will be the little cinder girl you were an hour ago.”

Cinderella promised without fear, her heart was so full of joy.

THE UNKNOWN PRINCESS .

At the palace gate the king's son stood ready to receive her, for something had told him to await the coming of a beautiful princess whom nobody knew.

He gave her his hand as she alighted from the coach, and led her, with the finest courtesy, into the great ballroom. Instantly a hush fell on the company. Every one left off dancing; the musicians forgot to play. Then there came a confused murmur of many voices, as the guests said to one another: “Ah! how beautiful she is! How beautiful she is!”

The old king said to the queen that never since her majesty herself was young had he seen so charming a person. The court ladies fairly devoured her — clothes and all — with their

eyes, and made up their minds to have their gowns made next day of exactly the same pattern.

The king's son himself led her out to dance, and she danced so gracefully that he admired her more and more. Indeed, at supper his admiration quite took away his appetite.

As for Cinderella herself, because of the goodness of her heart, and perhaps, too, because of shyness, she sought out her sisters, and offered them all sorts of civil attentions. The proud sisters were almost overcome with surprise and delight to think that they should be even noticed by so magnificent a lady.

While she was talking with them, she heard the clock strike a quarter to twelve. Making a courteous adieu to the royal family she re-entered her carriage, escorted tenderly by the king's son, and arrived in safety at her own door.

There she found her godmother. After expressing her gratitude, Cinderella begged that she might go to a second ball, the following night, to which the queen had earnestly invited her.

As she was talking, the two sisters were heard knocking at the gate. The fairy godmother vanished, leaving Cinderella sitting in the chimney corner, rubbing her eyes and pretending to be very sleepy.

"Ah!" cried the eldest sister, not at all care-

ful of poor Cinderella's feelings. "It has been the most delightful ball. There came the most beautiful princess I ever saw, and she was exceedingly polite to us both."

"Was she?" said Cinderella, carelessly; "and who might she be?"

"Nobody knows, though everybody would give their eyes to know, especially the king's son."

"Indeed!" replied Cinderella, a little more interested. "I should like to see her. Will you not let me go to-morrow, and lend me your yellow gown that you wear on Sundays?"

"What, lend my yellow gown to a cinder girl! I am not so crazy as that."

Cinderella was neither surprised nor sorry to hear this rude reply; for if her sister really had lent her the gown, she would have scarcely known what to do.

THE HASTY FLIGHT

The next night came, and the two young ladies, richly dressed in new gowns, went to the ball. Cinderella, more splendidly attired and more beautiful than ever, followed them shortly after.

"Now, remember twelve o'clock," was her godmother's parting speech; and she thought she certainly should. But the prince's atten-

tions to her were greater even than on the first evening.

In the delight of listening to his pleasant conversation, time slipped by all too swiftly.

While she was sitting beside him in a lovely alcove, and looking at the moon from under a bower of orange blossoms, she heard the clock strike the first stroke of twelve.

Up she started, and fled away as lightly as a deer.

Amazed, the prince followed, but could not catch her. His lovely princess had vanished. No one had seen her. One of the guards had, indeed, seen a ragged little lass running down the steps, but no princess.

Cinderella arrived at home breathless and weary, ragged and cold, without carriage or footmen or coachman. The only thing left of her magnificence was one little glass slipper,—the other she had dropped in the alcove as she ran away.

When the sisters returned, they were full of this strange adventure: how the beautiful lady had appeared at the ball more beautiful than ever; how, as the clock was striking twelve, she had suddenly risen up and fled from the ball-room; and how she had disappeared, no one knew how or where, leaving one of her glass slippers behind her in her flight.

This little glass slipper, they went on to tell, had been picked up by the king's son, who put it in his pocket, and was seen to take it out continually and gaze at it with the air of a man very much in love.

Cinderella listened in silence, turning her face to the kitchen fire, and perhaps it was that which made her look so rosy. The next morning she went to her weary work again, just as before.

THE GLASS SLIPPER

A few days after, there was great excitement in the town. There came a herald with a little glass slipper in his hand. With a flourish of trumpets, he cried out in every street:—

“The king's son orders that this slipper be tried on every lady in the kingdom, and he proclaims that he will marry the lady whom it exactly fits, and to whom the fellow-slipper belongs.”

First, princesses tried it on; then duchesses and countesses, and then ladies of the court and gentlewomen. But it fitted nobody; and besides, nobody could produce its fellow-slipper, which lay all the time safely in the pocket of Cinderella's old linsey gown.

At last the herald came to the house of the two sisters. They well knew that neither of them was the beautiful lady; yet they tried

their best to get their clumsy feet into the glass slipper, but in vain.

“Let me try it on,” said Cinderella from the chimney corner.

“What, you!” cried the others, bursting into shouts of laughter.

Cinderella only smiled, and held out her hand.

No one could forbid her,—for was it not the prince’s command? So the herald bade Cinderella sit down on a three-legged stool in the kitchen, and himself put the slipper on her pretty little foot, which it fitted exactly. She then drew from her pocket the fellow-slipper, which she also put on.

With the touch of the magic shoes, all her dress was instantly changed; and Cinderella rose from the three-legged stool, no longer the poor, despised cinder girl, but the beautiful lady whom the king’s son loved.

The proud sisters knew her at once.

Filled with amazement and alarm, they threw themselves at her feet, begging her pardon for all their former unkindness.

The good Cinderella raised and embraced them, saying that she forgave them with all her heart, and only hoped that they would love her always. Dressed as she was, she was conducted to the young prince. He thought her

more charming than ever, and a few days after, married her.— *Charles Perrault*.

NOTES

1. The purest, simplest English translation of Perrault's tales is found in a volume entitled, *Tales of Passed Times, by Mother Goose. With Morals*, written in *French* by M. Perrault, and *Englished* by R. S. Gent. The seventh edition was printed in New York in 1795.
2. *Cinderella* (*sin'der-ěl'a*). The little cinder girl.
3. *Stepmother*. The wife of one's father by a later marriage.
4. *Flowered brocade* (*bro-kād'*). Fine silk upon which beautiful flowers of gold were worked.
5. *Godmother*. One who, when a child is baptized, promises to see that the child is reared properly.
6. *In a trice*. At once, instantly.
7. *Princesses, duchesses, and countesses, and then ladies of the court and gentlewomen*. They were allowed to try the slipper on in order of their rank.
8. *Lin'sey* (*si*). A coarse cloth made of wool and linen.
9. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: proud'ěst, dīs'á-gree'a-ble, hūs'bānd, fāre, comfortable (kūm'fēr-tā-b'l), dām'sěl, shāb'-bī-ly, fashion (fāsh'ŭn), bidden (bīd' 'n), trīm'mīngs, pět'tī-coat (cōt), dī'á-mond (mūnd), á-wrŷ', prettily (prīt'ī-lī), slěn'dēr, nōd'děd, pūmp'kín, imagine (ī-māj'īn), ō-bē'dī-ěnt, fětch, rē-spěct'á-ble, līz'ards (ěrds), sāt'īn, piteously (pīt'ě-ūs-lī), prīn'cěss, á-light'ed, courtesy (kūr'tě-sī), māj'ěs-ty, dē-vour', sought (sōt), cīv'il, át-těn'tions (shŭns), mǎg-níf'ī-cěnt, adieu (á-dū'), ės-cōrt'ěd, vǎn'ished (isht),

prē-tēnd'ing, in'tēr-ēst-ēd, attired (ā-tīrd'), āl'cōve,
amazed (ā-māz'd), guards (gārdz), ād-vēn'ture
(tūr), hēr'āld.

10. Articulation and pronunciation drill. Read slowly and distinctly.

(a) The proud stepmother was jealous of this gentle little girl.

(b) Among those bidden were the two elder sisters.

(c) The dispute ran so high that Cinderella was called to decide between them.

(d) Now fetch me the mouse-trap out of the pantry.

(e) If you stay one instant after midnight, your carriage will become a pumpkin.

(f) She sought out her sisters, and offered them all sorts of civil attentions.

(g) Cinderella was neither surprised nor sorry to hear this rude reply.

(h) The only thing left of her magnificence was one little glass slipper.

EXERCISES

1. Tell how we came to have this story as here told.
2. Who was Cinderella?
3. How did her stepmother treat her? Why?
4. How did the sisters treat Cinderella?
5. How did they treat each other?
6. What tells how anxious the sisters were to dress well for the ball?
7. What happened while Cinderella sat crying?
8. Tell how the fairy godmother prepared Cinderella for the ball.
9. Upon what condition did she go?
10. How was she received at the ball?

11. How did she treat the sisters?
12. Why would the sisters not lend Cinderella a dress?
13. Why did Cinderella forget how fast the time passed the second night?
14. Tell what happened at the hour of twelve.
15. What only was left of her "magnificence"?
16. What was the order of the king's son?
17. What happened to all who first tried on the slipper?
18. Why did the sisters laugh when Cinderella wanted to try on the slipper?
19. What success did Cinderella have?
20. What was her reward?
21. Tell the story as you now remember it.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

PERRAULT: The Sleeping Beauty. Puss-in-Boots. Little Red Riding-Hood.

ANDERSEN: The Ugly Duckling. Good-for-Nothing. The Little Match Girl. The Flying Trunk. The Real Princess.

GRIMM: The Six Swans. The Gold Children. Star Dollars. The Golden Bird.

MACE: The Necklace of Truth.

CHOLLET: The Wishing-Gate.

ISAACS: The Wooing of the Princess.

'T is well to give honor and glory to age,
With its lessons of wisdom and truth;
Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page,
And the fairy tale read but in youth.

— *Eliza Cook.*

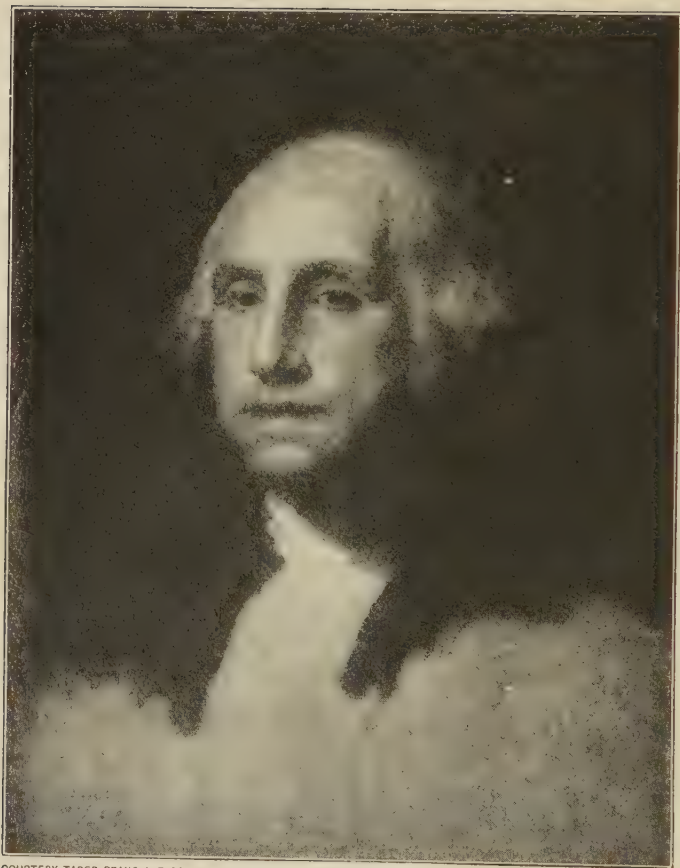
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

"FIRST in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." This is the place now given to George Washington, the first president of our country, and one of our greatest patriots and statesmen. His birthday, February twenty-second, is set aside as a national holiday. On that day, the school children give patriotic programs in honor of the "Father of his Country," stores are closed, and everywhere meetings are held in honor of the great Washington. Here is one of many poems written to tell of his greatness.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

'T is splendid to live so grandly,
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thoughts of your natal day.

'T is splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain,
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;



COURTESY TABER PRANG ART CO.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few;
And now, when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.
— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

NOTES

1. George Washington was born in Virginia in 1732 and died in 1799. He was commander-in-chief of the Continental army in the war of the American Revolution, and was the first President of the United States. His home at Mount Vernon on the

- Potomac river, and his tomb, are visited each year by hundreds who do honor to his memory.
2. Tell any good stories you can find of the life and works of Washington.
 3. *Rě-count'ěd*. Told over and over again.
 4. *Nā'tăl dāy*. Birthday.
 5. *Amain* (á-mān). Completely, in every possible way.
 6. *In dě-fi'ánt challenge* (chāl'ěnj). The country is now strong enough to make its flag respected. The flag defies wrong and stands for liberty.
 7. *Tŏc'sin*. An alarm or warning signal.
 8. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: splěn'díd, grănd'lŷ, rě-měm'bered (běrd), record (rěk'örd), těst'ěd, steadfast (stěd'fäst), honor (ŏn'ěr), brēēze, mēm'ō-rŷ, proud'ly, pause (pôz).
 9. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) T is splendid to live so grandly.
 - (b) It shows no blot, though tested and tried amain.
 - (c) A steadfast soul and true.
 - (d) Its flag of stars is flung to the breeze in defiant challenge.
 - (e) That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong.

EXERCISES

1. Why do we set aside Washington's birthday as a national holiday?
2. What things Washington did are "recounted"?
3. How is Washington's birthday observed?
4. What kind of record did Washington leave?
5. How did he stand for his country's honor?
6. Why is his name now on every tongue?

7. In what sense is his memory a "tocsin" to rally the foes of wrong?
8. Why do people leave their work once a year to do honor to Washington?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOLMES: Ode for Washington's Birthday.

COOK: A Star in the West.

LATHROP: The Name of Washington.

BUTTERWORTH: Crown our Washington.

BRIDGES: Washington.

TRUE SUCCESS

What is failure? It is only a spur
To the one who receives it right.
It makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more and fight.
If you never have failed, it's an easy guess
You never have won any high success.

— *Edmund Vance Cooke.*

LITTLE GIFTS

Little gifts are precious,
If a loving heart
Helps the busy fingers,
As they do their part.

— *Anonymous.*

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN

BIRTHDAY parties with presents, games, and cakes with candles for each year, make the hearts of children wild with joy. But children like to work and see things around them as well as play. In this poem, a little child of seven, proud that it is so old, tells of the things that make it happy on its birthday.

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over —
Seven times one are seven.

I am old! so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is
failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in
heaven

That God has hidden your face?

I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave Marshmary buds, rich and yellow!
Give me your money to hold.

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtledoves dwell;
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in
it;—

I will not steal them away;

I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—

I am seven times one to-day.

— *Jean Ingelow.*

NOTES

1. Tell of the best times you have had at birthday parties.
2. Tell things children do on their birthday that show they think they are old.
3. "Seven times." This refers to the multiplication table.
4. *Marshmary* (*mārsh'mā-rĭ*). Marsh Marigold, a flower growing in wet, marshy places, often called *cowslip*.

5. *Columbine* (köl'üm-bīn). The word means *dove-like*, from the fact that the outer parts of the flower fold over inner parts said to resemble twin turtledoves. A beautiful drooping, somewhat bell-shaped flower, a great favorite in mountain districts.
6. *Cuck'oo-pint*. A beautiful cultivated flower commonly called *wake-robin*, and *jack-in-the-pulpit*.
7. Be prepared to pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: birthday (bûrth'-dā'), sail'ing, shīn'ing, fail'ing, bow (bō), wrong (rōng), hīd'dēn, forgiven (fōr-gīv'n), vēl'vet, powdered (pou'dēr'd), wrapper (răp'ēr), līn'nēt, clăp'pēr.
8. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) There's no dew left on the daisies and clover.
 - (b) The lambs play always, they know no better.
 - (c) You Moon! have you done something wrong in
heaven
That God has hidden your face?
 - (d) Open your folded wrapper where two twin
turtledoves dwell.
 - (e) Show me your nest with the young ones in it.

EXERCISES

1. How old is the child who is speaking?
2. What tells you what time of day it is?
3. Why does the child feel *old*?
4. Why does the child say the lambs know no better than to play always?
5. What does the little child notice about the moon?
6. How has the bee powdered its legs?
7. What is the "money" the child wants to hold?

8. What does the child notice about the Columbine?
About the Cuckoo-pint?
9. Why does the child say, "You may trust me, linnet"?
10. How many pretty things has this child of seven years
seen on her birthday?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ALDRICH: Marjorie's Almanac.

WORDSWORTH: We are Seven.

SMITH: Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

WESTWOOD: Little Bell.

THAXTER: Little Gustava.

KEBLE: All Things Beautiful.

PRICE OF SUCCESS

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,
Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come — go on, true Soul!
Thou 'lt win the prize, thou 'lt reach the goal.
— *Charles Mackay.*

THE BEST DO

Love the beautiful,
Seek out the true,
Wish for the good,
And the best do!
— *Mendelssohn.*

THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN

FUN is for everybody. We all like jokes, fun, and nonsense if no one's feelings are hurt. We have said the Mother Goose rhymes over and over. We like the merry jingle of nonsense rhymes. Here is an old favorite nonsense rhyme. It was one of a collection called *Tom Thumb's Exhibition* which was made many years ago to amuse the children of Great Britain. Read it for its pure fun.

THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN

There was an old man
Who lived on a common,
And, if fame speaks true,
He was born of a woman;
Perhaps you will laugh
But for truth I've been told
He once was an infant
Tho' age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry
He longed for some meat,
And if he could get it
'T was said he would eat;

When thirsty he'd drink
If you gave him a pot,
And what he drank mostly
Ran down his throat.

He seldom or never
Could see without light,
And yet I've been told he
Could hear in the night;
He has oft been awake,
In the daytime, 't is said,
And has fallen asleep
As he lay in his bed.

'T is reported his tongue
Always moved when he talk'd,
And he stirred both his arms
And his legs when he walk'd!
And his gait was so odd
Had you seen him you'd burst,
For one leg or t'other
Would always be first.

His face was the drollest
That ever was seen,
For if 't was not washed
It seldom was clean.
His teeth he expos'd when
He happened to grin,
And his mouth stood across
'Twixt his nose and his chin.

When this whimsical chap
Had a river to pass,
If he couldn't get over
He stayed where he was.
'T is said he ne'er ventured
To quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck
He never was drowned.

At last he fell sick,
As old chronicles tell,
And then as folks say
He was not very well.
But what was as strange
In so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees
He could get no physician.

What wonder he died!
Yet 't is said that his death
Was occasioned at last
By the loss of his breath.
But peace to his bones,
Which in ashes now moulder,
Had he lived a day longer
He'd have been a day older.

— *Goldsmith.*

NOTES

1. It is not certain that Oliver Goldsmith was the author of this poem, but it has been thought to be his because it appeared in a companion volume to *Goody Two-Shoes* which is now generally thought to be Goldsmith's.
2. Bring to class other funny poems or stories.
3. *Põt.* A drinking cup.
4. *Whimsical chap* (*hwim'zĩ-kǎl*). One who changes his mind often without seeming cause.
5. *Old chronicles* (*krõn'ĩ-kl*). Simple records or stories of events. Here old tales or stories.
6. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of as here used, and use in sentences: common (*kõm'ũn*), seldom (*dũm*), rê-põt'ed, tongue (*tũng*), stirred (*stũrd*), gait (*gāt*), hũrst, drõll'ẽst, expos'd (*ẽks'põzd'*), ventured (*vẽn'tũrd*), quĩt, drowned (*dround*), cõn-dĩ'tion (*shũn*), physician (*fĩ-zĩsh'ǎn*), occasioned (*õ-kā'zhũnd*), moulder (*mõl'dẽr*).
7. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) When thirsty he'd drink
If you gave him a pot.
 - (b) He seldom or never
Could see without light.
 - (c) Had you seen him you'd burst.
 - (d) And his mouth stood across
'Twixt his nose and his chin.
 - (e) He could get no physician.

EXERCISES

1. Why was this nonsense poem written?
2. Where did this old man live?
3. What fun do you find in each stanza?

4. What very common things are told of this man in each stanza?
5. Why does the poet tell that "when thirsty he'd drink"? Why say "his tongue always moved when he talk'd"?
6. Why do you think all these commonplace things are told?
7. How did the old man differ from other men?
8. Why was he so wonderful?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

THACKERAY: The Pigtail's Place.

DE SEGUR: The Donkey Race.

MILLER: The Grizzly's Sly Joke.

HOLMES: My First Joke.

Mother Goose Rhymes.

LEAR: The Jumblies. The Owl and the Pussy-Cat. The Quangle Wangle's Hat.

RICHARDS: The Prominent Man.

LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

— *Ebenezer Cobham Brewer.*

BUTTERCUP GOLD

MRS. LAURA E. RICHARDS is one of the most charming of American story tellers. She is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." From her home in Gardiner, Maine, she sends out the most beautiful children's stories. Here is one of her *Five-Minute Stories* in which she tells of how a little girl tried to make her poor mother happy by getting gold for her out of the buttercups. The story tells how sad the little girl was when she thought she had no gold, and how she danced with joy when a kind old man came along and helped her to get real gold.

BUTTERCUP GOLD *

Oh! the cupperty-buts! and oh! the cupperty-buts! out in the meadow, shining under the trees and sparkling over the lawn, millions and millions of them, each one a bit of purest gold from Mother Nature's mint. Jessy stood at the window looking out at them and thinking, as she often had thought before, that there were no flowers so beautiful.

"Cupperty-buts," she had been used to call them when she was a wee baby girl and could

* Used by special arrangement with the L. C. Page Company.

not speak without tumbling over her words and mixing them up in the queerest fashion; and now that she was a very great girl, actually six years old, they were still cupperty-buts to her, and would never be anything else, she said. There was nothing she liked better than to watch the lovely golden things and nod to them as they nodded to her; but this morning her little face looked anxious and troubled, and she gazed at the flowers with an intent and inquiring look, as if she had expected them to reply to her unspoken thoughts. What these thoughts were I am going to tell you.

Half an hour before, she had called to her mother, who was just going out, and begged her to come and look at the cupperty-buts.

“They are brighter than ever, Mamma! Do just come and look at them! golden, golden, golden! There must be fifteen thousand million dollars’ worth of gold just on the lawn, I should think?”

And her mother, pausing to look out, said very sadly, “Ah, my darling, if I only had this day a little of that gold, what a happy woman I should be!”

And then the good mother went out, and there little Jessy stood, gazing at the flowers and repeating the words to herself over and over again, “If I only had a little of that gold!”

She knew that her mother was very, very poor and had to go out to work every day to earn food and clothes for herself and her little daughter; and the child's tender heart ached to think of the sadness in the dear mother's look and tone. Suddenly Jessy started and the sunshine flashed into her face.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "why shouldn't I get some of the gold from the cupperty-buts? I believe I could get some perfectly well. When Mamma wants to get the juice out of anything — meat or fruit or anything of that sort — she just boils it. And so, if I should boil the cupperty-buts, wouldn't all of the gold come out? Of course it would! Oh, joy! how pleased Mamma will be!"

Jessy's actions always followed her thoughts with great rapidity. In five minutes she was out on the lawn with a huge basket beside her, pulling away at the buttercups with might and main. Oh! how small they were! and how long it took even to cover the bottom of the basket! But Jessy worked with a will, and at the end of an hour she had picked enough to make at least a thousand dollars, as she calculated. That would do for one day, she thought; and now for the grand experiment! Before going out she had with much labor filled the great kettle with water, so now the water was boiling, and she

had only to put the buttercups in and put the cover on. When this was done she sat as patiently as she could, trying to pay attention to her knitting and not to look at the clock oftener than every two minutes.

"They must boil for an hour," she said, "and by that time all the gold will have come out."

Well, the hour did pass, somehow or other, though it was a very long one, and at eleven o'clock Jessy, with a mighty effort, lifted the kettle from the stove and carried it to the open door, that the fresh air might cool the boiling water. At first, when she lifted the cover, such a cloud of steam came out that she could see nothing; but in a moment the wind blew the steam aside and then she saw — oh, poor little Jessy! — she saw a mass of weeds floating about in a quantity of dirty, greenish water, and that was all. Not the smallest trace of gold, even in the buttercups themselves, was to be seen. Poor little Jessy! she tried hard not to cry, but it was a bitter disappointment; the tears came rolling down her cheeks faster and faster, till at length she sat down by the kettle, and, burying her face in her apron, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Presently, through her sobs, she heard a kind voice saying: "What is the matter, little one? Why do you cry so bitterly?" She looked up

and saw an old gentleman with white hair and a bright, cheery face standing by her.

At first Jessy could say nothing but "Oh! the cupperty-buts! Oh! the cupperty-buts!" but of course the old gentleman didn't know what she meant by that, so, as he urged her to tell him about her trouble, she dried her eyes and told him the melancholy little story — how her mother was very poor and said she wished she had some gold, and how she herself had tried to get the gold out of the buttercups by boiling them. "I was so sure I could get it out," she said, "and I thought Mamma would be so pleased! And now —"

Here she was very near breaking down again, but the gentleman patted her head and said cheerfully: "Wait a bit, little woman. Don't give up the ship yet. You know that gold is heavy, very heavy indeed, and if there were any it would be at the very bottom of the kettle, all covered with the weeds, so that you could not see it. I should not be at all surprised if you found some, after all. Run into the house and bring me a spoon with a long handle and we will fish in the kettle and see what we can find."

Jessy's face brightened and she ran into the house. If any one had been standing near just at that moment I think it is possible that he might have seen the old gentleman's hand go

into his pocket and out again very quickly and might have heard a little splash in the kettle; but nobody was near, so of course I cannot say anything about it. At any rate, when Jessy came out with the spoon he was standing with both hands in his pockets, looking in the opposite direction. He took the great iron spoon and fished about in the kettle for some time. At last there was a little clinking noise, and the old gentleman lifted the spoon. Oh, wonder and delight! In it lay three great, broad, shining pieces of gold! Jessy could hardly believe her eyes. She stared and stared, and when the old gentleman put the gold into her hand she still stood as if in a happy dream, gazing at it. Suddenly she started and remembered that she had not thanked her kindly helper. She looked up and began, "Thank you, Sir"; but the old gentleman was gone.

Well, the next question was, how could Jessy possibly wait till twelve o'clock for her mother to come home? Knitting was out of the question. She could do nothing but dance and look out of the window, and look out of the window and dance, holding the precious coins tight in her hand. At last a well-known footstep was heard outside the door and Mrs. Gray came in, looking very tired and worn. She smiled, however, when she saw Jessy, and said, "Well, my

darling, I am glad to see you looking so bright. How has the morning gone with my little house-keeper?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Jessy, hopping about on one foot, "it has gone very well! oh, very, *very*, *very* well! Oh, my mother dear, what do you think I have got in my hand? *What* do you think? Oh, what *do* you think?" and she went dancing round and round till poor Mrs. Gray was quite dizzy with watching her. At last she stopped and holding out her hand opened it and showed her mother what was in it. Mrs. Gray was really frightened.

"Jessy, my child!" she cried, "where did you get all that money?"

"Out of the cupperty-buts, Mamma!" said Jessy, "out of the cupperty-buts! and it's all for you, every bit of it! Dear Mamma, now you will be happy, will you not?"

"Jessy," said Mrs. Gray, "have you lost your senses or are you playing some trick on me? Tell me all about this at once, dear child, and don't talk nonsense."

"But it isn't nonsense, Mamma," cried Jessy, "and it did come out of the cupperty-buts!"

And then she told her mother the whole story. The tears came into Mrs. Gray's eyes, but they were tears of joy and gratitude.

"Jessy dear," she said, "when we say our

prayers at night let us never forget to pray for that good gentleman. May Heaven bless him and reward him! for if it had not been for him, Jessy dear, I fear you would never have found the "Buttercup Gold."—*Laura E. Richards.*

NOTES

1. Other stories of Mrs. Richards are: *Queen Hildegarde Stories, Five-Minute Stories, Melody, The Joyous Story of Toto*, and *Golden Windows*.
2. Tell of how you have seen children catch golden sunlight in their hands, or how you have seen them try other impossible things.
3. After they have read this story, have the children arrange to act it. One can be Jessy, one the mother, one the old man, and the others may be other children in the flower-field gathering flowers and making remarks about little Jessy.
4. *Cupperty-buts*. Buttercups.
5. *The grand ěx-pĕr'ĭ-mĕnt*. The test upon which she had set.
6. *Melancholy* (mĕl'ăn-chĕl-ỹ). Sad.
7. *Don't give up the ship*. Don't give up. The last words of Captain Lawrence on the deck of the *Chesapeake* during the War of 1812: "Don't give up the ship!"
8. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: mĭnt, tŭm'blĭng, mĭx'ĭng, queerest (kwĕr'ĕst), fashion (făsh'ŭn), ĭn-tĕnt', ĭn-quĭr'ĭng (kwĭr), ŭn-spĕk'ĕn, begged (bĕg'd), rê-peat'ĭng, tĕn'dĕr, rā-pĭd'ĭ-ty, calculated (kăł'kŭ-lăt'd), patiently (pā'shĕnt lĭ), attention (ă-tĕn'shŭn), knitting (nĭt ĭng), effort (ĕf'ĕrt), burying (bĕr'ĭ-ĭng),

urged (ûrg'd), mĕl'ăn-chŏl-ŷ, opposite (ŏp'ô zĭt), direction (dĭ-rĕk'shŭn), clĭnk'ing, precious (prĕsh'-ŷs), grăt'ĩ-tŭde.

9. Read slowly and distinctly:

- (a) Jessie stood at the window looking out at them and thinking.
- (b) There must be fifteen thousand million dollars' worth of gold just on the lawn.
- (c) If I only had this day a little of that gold.
- (d) He took the great iron spoon and fished about in the kettle for some time.
- (e) Jessie, have you lost your senses or are you playing some trick on me?

EXERCISES

1. What did Jessie mean by "cupperty-buts"?
2. What was she thinking of as she looked at the flowers?
3. What made her think they had gold in them?
4. What words did she repeat to herself?
5. What thought made her so sad?
6. What caused the sunshine to flash into her face?
7. What was her "grand experiment"?
8. What caused her such bitter disappointment?
9. What story did she tell the old gentleman?
10. What did the old man tell her to do?
11. What do you think the old man did when Jessie was gone?
12. What did he find in the kettle?
13. Why did she not thank the old man until he had gone?
14. How did she surprise her mother?
15. Why did not her mother believe the story?
16. What tells you that Jessie's mother knew where the gold came from?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

RICHARDS: The Golden Windows.

SHERMAN: The Daisies. The Dewdrop.

TAYLOR: The Violet.

MACDONALD: Little White Lily.

CRAIK: Violets.

LONGFELLOW: The Flowers.

BRYANT: The Dandelion.

GRIMM: Star Flowers.

ANDERSEN: The Daisy.

WILTSE: The Story of a Cowslip.

THE GENTLEMAN

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,

Let young and old accept their part,

And bow before the Awful Will,

And bear it with an honest heart.

Who misses or who wins the prize?

Go, lose or conquer as you can:

But if you fail, or if you rise,

Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

— *William Makepeace Thackeray.*

NO RAINBOW

If all were rain and never sun,

No bow would span the hill;

If all were sun and never rain,

There 'd be no rainbow still.

— *Christina G. Rossetti.*

THE VIOLET

WE have all hunted for the first violets in springtime. Sometimes we have found them in the meadows, sometimes in field or forest. We have found them in quiet places, usually half hidden, and always with heads bowed. We prize them for their sweet scent, beautiful colors, and delicate modesty. This little poem tells all we ever thought or felt about these sweet springtime flowers.

THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair!
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
 This pretty flower to see,
 That I may also learn to grow
 In sweet humility.

— *Jane Taylor.*

NOTES

1. How many kinds of violets do you know? Tell of good times you have had picking violets.
2. *Rō'sŷ bow'ēr.* A sheltered place for roses, usually in the yard or garden.
3. *Dŷf-fūsed'.* Spread in all directions.
4. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: *shā'dŷ*, *mōd'ěst*, stalk (*stōk*), view (*vū*), graced (*grāst*), *hīd'ing*, *cōn-těnt'*, *blōom*, arrayed (*ā-rād'*), *sī'lěnt*, pretty (*prīt'ī*), *hū-mīl'ī-tŷ*.
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Its stalk was bent, it hung its head.
 - (b) And yet it was a lovely flower.
 - (c) Yet there it was content to bloom
 In modest tints arrayed.
 - (d) Within the silent shade.
 - (e) Then let me to the valley go.

EXERCISES

1. Where is the violet usually found?
2. Tell something of how the violet looks.
3. Why does the poet say "As if to hide from view"?
4. For what better place is the violet fitted?
5. Why was it content where it was?
6. Explain "there diffused its sweet perfume."

7. What lesson does the poet want to learn from the violet?
8. If the violet were a person, what kind of person would it be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: The Flowers.
THOMAS: Talking in Their Sleep.
ALDRICH: Marjorie's Almanac.
WHITTIER: The First Flowers.
SHERMAN: The Daisies. The Dewdrop.
MACDONALD: Little White Lily.
CRAIK: Violets.
LARCOM: Calling the Violet.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro —
Down humblest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

— *David Swing.*

THE ECHO

WHEN one boy wishes to make another angry, he sometimes mocks him. Boys hate to be mocked. To call a boy "coward" or to mock him, makes him angry, and he is ready to fight. This is the story of a boy who thought some one was making fun of him. When he told his mother about it, he learned something of great interest both to children and to grown-ups everywhere.

THE ECHO

As Robert was playing in the woods one day he happened to cry out, "Ho, ho, ho!" He was surprised to hear coming back from a hill near by the same words, "Ho, ho, ho!"

He thought that some boy was hidden among the trees and was mocking him, and he called out, "Who are you?" Upon this the same words came back, "Who are you?"

Robert answered, "You know who I am!" And the words, "Who I am!" came back from the hill.

This made Robert very angry, and he shouted, "You are a dunce!" The voice quickly answered, "a dunce!"

Who could it be that was mocking him in this way? Robert ran toward the hill from which the sounds came, calling loudly as he ran. But soon no answer came back to him. He climbed the hill and looked among the trees and bushes, but he could not find anybody. He could hear nothing but the singing of the birds among the leaves and branches above him.

When he went home he told his mother that some boy had hidden himself in the woods and called him ugly names.

"Tell me all about it," said his mother. And Robert told her the whole story.

"Robert," said his mother, "you were angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words."

"Why, mother, how can that be?" said Robert.

"Did you never hear an echo?" asked his mother.

"An echo? No, mother, what is it?"

"I will tell you," said his mother. "You know when you play with your ball, and throw it against the side of a house, it bounds back to you."

"Yes, mother," said he, "and I catch it in my hands."

"Well," said his mother, "sometimes when you are in the open air, by the side of a hill or a

large building, and speak very loudly, your voice bounds back, so that you can hear again the very words which you speak.

“That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back, your own voice.

“The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply. Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would have been as low, sweet, and gentle as your own.”—*Æsop*.

NOTES

1. Stand near a building, or rock, or grove and call.
Tell what you hear.
2. Reflect the sunlight from a small mirror. Does this tell you anything about the way sound travels?
3. *The Echo* (ěk'ō). An old fable showing how a boy learned what an echo is.
4. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: happened (hăp'nd), surprised (sŭr-prizd'), hidden (hĭd' n), mŏck'ing, dunce (dŭns), climbed (klĭmd), ŭg'ly, bounds, building (bĭld'ing), angrily (ăŋ'grĭ-lĭ).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) You know who I am.
 - (b) Who could it be that was mocking him in this way?
 - (c) Did you never hear an echo?

- (d) It was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back, your own voice.
- (e) The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself.

EXERCISES

1. What first surprised Robert?
2. What did he think caused the sound?
3. Why did he grow angry?
4. Why did no answer come as he went near the hill?
5. What did he tell his mother?
6. What did she say to him?
7. Why did he not believe her?
8. What did his mother say caused the "mocking"?
9. How did she explain "echo" to him?
10. What is the nature of the echo's sound?
11. What do you think Robert should have learned from this?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ÆSOP: The Dog and His Shadow. The Body and Its Members. The Wind and the Sun. The Frolicsome Calf. The Sheep-Biter. The Young Man and His Cat.

FIELD: The Night Wind.

BATES: Speak Gently.

CARY: The Three Bugs. They Didn't Think.

ASPINWALL: The Echo-Maid.

KRIEGE: The Echo.

BULFINCH: Echo and Narcissus.

INDUSTRY

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

— *John Gay.*

A FLOWER'S SONG

A TINY flower on the earth saw a bright star shining night after night in the sky. It seemed to the flower that heaven was so high and that the work of the star was so grand. The flower's earth-home seemed so lowly, but the flower grew more and more beautiful as it watched the star. This is the song the little flower sang to the shining star.

A FLOWER'S SONG *

Star! Star! why dost thou shine
Each night upon my brow?
Why dost thou make me dream the dreams
That I am dreaming now?

Star! Star! thy home is high —
I am of humble birth;
Thy feet walk shining o'er the sky,
Mine, only on the earth

Star! Star! why make me dream?
My dreams are all untrue;
And why is sorrow dark for me
And heaven bright for you?

* Copyrighted by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, and used by their courteous permission.

Star! Star! oh! hide thy ray,
And take it off my face;
Within my lowly home I stay,
Thou in thy lofty place.

Star! Star! and still I dream,
Along thy light afar
I seem to soar until I seem
To be, like you, a star.

— *Abram Joseph Ryan.*

NOTES

1. Read Ryan's "The Star's Song," which is the answer of the star to the tiny flower.
2. There is an old story that tells how a bright star came down to earth to take the place of the flower. The flower has ever since been called the star-flower. Tell of any star-flowers you know.
3. *Hũm'ble* (*b'l*). Lowly. Here born to live on earth.
4. *Soar* (*sār*). Fly very high in the sky.
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: dreaming (*drēm'ing*), shin'ing, sorrow (*sōr'ō*), heaven (*hěv' 'n*), *lōft'ŷ*, *ā-lōng'*, *ā-fār'*, seem.
6. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Why dost thou shine each night upon my brow?
 - (b) I am of humble birth.
 - (c) My dreams are all untrue.
 - (d) Within my lowly home I stay.
 - (e) I seem to soar until I seem
To be, like you, a star.

EXERCISES

1. Who is speaking in the poem?
2. How does the flower's home compare with that of the star?
3. Why does heaven seem so much brighter than earth to the flower?
4. What is the star's ray?
5. Why does the flower ask the star to hide its ray?
6. What dreams do you think the flower is dreaming?
7. Why do its dreams seem to it to be "untrue"?
8. What makes the flower seem to become like the star?
9. If this flower were a person, what kind of person would it be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MRS. HEMANS: The Stars.

GRIMM: Star Dollars.

TAYLOR: Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.

SHERMAN: Daisies.

KEBLE: All Things Beautiful.

EMERSON: The Rhodora.

RICHARDS: The Golden Windows. Following a Sunbeam.

THE RAINBOW

There are bridges on the rivers
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

— *Christina Rossetti.*

RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN

HERE is an old story of a poor miller who was so proud of his beautiful daughter that he boasted to the king that his daughter could spin straw into gold. The king ordered the daughter to be brought to the palace and placed her in a large room filled with straw. He then told her that if by morning she had not spun the straw into gold, she must die. She never heard of spinning straw into gold before. How well she succeeded, how she became a queen, and how later she saved her little child by a clever trick, are all told in this old German tale.

RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN

Once upon a time there was a miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was so beautiful and so clever that he was always boasting about her loveliness and the wonderful things she could do.

One day the miller had to go to the king's palace, and as he wanted to appear very important, he said to the king, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

"Indeed," said the king, "that pleases me

well. Bring your daughter to the palace at once that I may see what she can do."

The miller began to wish that he had not boasted quite so much, but he had to do as the king commanded. So he took his daughter up to the palace, and as soon as the king saw her, he led her into a large room filled with straw.

There he gave her a stool and a spinning wheel, and said, "Now see how quickly you can spin this straw into gold. I shall come back to-morrow morning, and if it is not done then, I shall give orders that you are to be put to death."

The poor maiden sat and wept. She had never heard of such a thing as spinning straw into gold, and to save her life she could not think how it was to be done. She wept till she could scarcely see; then suddenly she heard a door creak, and a funny little man came hopping into the room.

"What are you crying about?" he asked. "You will spoil your pretty eyes if you do not stop. Tell me what is the matter, and I will try to help you."

"O, sir," said the maiden, "the king has ordered me to spin all this straw into gold before to-morrow morning. If it is not done I shall lose my life, and I don't even know how to begin."

“What will you give me if I spin it for you?” asked the little man.

“I will give you my beautiful necklace,” answered the maiden gladly.

Then the dwarf sat down at the spinning wheel and began to spin. Whir, whir! went the straw, and out it came in shining threads, till all the straw was gone and the gold thread lay in a glistening heap.

“Good-bye,” said the little man, bowing and taking the necklace. Before the miller’s daughter could say “Thank you,” he had hopped out of the room.

The next morning the king came very early to see if the straw was really turned into gold. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the shining pile, but it only made him want more. He led the maiden away quickly to another room, bigger than the first and also filled with straw, and told her that she must spin that into gold too.

“And if it is not done by to-morrow morning, you will know what to expect,” he said.

This was really very hard, just when the poor girl thought her life was saved. She sat down by the spinning wheel and began to weep more bitterly than ever, for though she had watched the little dwarf spinning the straw, she did not know at all how it was turned into gold.

But the moment she began to weep, the door flew open again and the little man came hopping in just as he had done the day before.

"Come, come," he said, "no more tears! What will you give me if I help you again?"

"I will give you my diamond ring," said the maiden joyfully. And again the dwarf sat down at the spinning wheel, and again the wheel went whizzing round and round till all the straw was spun into gold.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried the maiden. But he was gone before she could say another word.

The king's eyes sparkled with pleasure when he came next morning and saw the large pile of gold.

"This is really a wonderfully clever little maiden," he said to himself.

Then he took her to a still larger room filled with straw, and smiling kindly at her, he said, "If you can spin all this straw into gold before to-morrow morning, I will marry you and you shall be queen." He felt sure he would never find a richer or more beautiful wife in the whole world.

The king had not been gone more than a moment when in hopped the dwarf again, and you may be sure the miller's daughter was very glad to see him.

“What will you give me this time, if I do your work for you?” asked the little man.

Now the maiden had nothing more to give and did not know what to do. But the dwarf thought of a plan.

“You can make me a promise,” he said. “When you are queen, and your first little baby is born, you shall give it to me.”

The poor maiden thought there was very little chance of her ever being queen, so she promised at once, caring only about how she might save her life.

Then the dwarf spun the straw into gold, and the golden pile was so high that it reached the ceiling.

The next morning the king came as usual and was so pleased with the gold and the beauty of the maiden that he began to prepare at once for the wedding. He gave her the most beautiful clothes and shining jewels, and they drove away together in a golden coach to church and were married without delay.

The queen was now so happy that she forgot all her troubles, and never once thought of the promise which she had made to the dwarf. And as time went on a beautiful little baby was born and the queen was happier than ever.

“I shall never know what it is to be sad again,” she said, as she held the baby close in her arms.

But at that very moment a door creaked, and looking up, the queen saw the same little dwarf come hopping in, just as he had done when he had come to spin the straw into gold.

"What do you want?" asked the queen, holding her baby more tightly, and looking at the dwarf with frightened eyes.

"I want the baby," answered the little man. "Have you forgotten your promise?"

Then the poor queen remembered how she had said she would give her first little baby to the dwarf, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, take anything else, only leave me my baby!" she cried. And she wept so bitterly that the dwarf was quite sorry for her. He had a kind heart, and he thought he would give the queen one more chance.

"If you can find out what my name is in three days, you shall keep your child," he said. Then he hopped quickly away.

The queen could not sleep that night, but lay awake thinking of all the names she had ever heard. When the little man came in the morning she began guessing the most difficult names she could think of. But to every name the dwarf answered with a merry grin, "No, that is not my name."

The next day the queen sent messengers over the whole country to collect all the curious names

they could find. When the little man appeared she asked, "Is it Spindleshanks, or Squint-eye, or Bandy-legs?"

"No, it is not!" shouted the little man, laughing.

Then the queen grew anxious, for there was only one day left, and she sent more messengers out to search for fresh names. But the messengers came back and said that they could find no new names.

Only one had a story to tell. He told how he had searched far and near until he came to the wildest part of a dark mountain. There, on the edge of a pine forest, he had come upon a little man dancing and shouting in front of a tiny red-roofed cottage. The little man had been baking, and he had a tray of loaves on his head. The loaves bounced up and down as he danced and sang:

"Merrily the feast I'll make,
To-day I brew, to-night I bake!
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
The next day will a stranger bring;
Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-Stilts-Kin is my name."

Then the queen clapped her hands with joy, for she was sure the little man was no other than the dwarf who was coming to take away her baby.

Very early next morning the dwarf arrived and hopped into the queen's room. He had brought a soft white blanket to wrap the baby in, for he was kind-hearted and did not want it to catch cold.

So he spread out the blanket and turned to the queen, saying gayly, "Well, have you guessed my name?"

The queen was smiling, too, but she pretended she was still trying to guess.

"Is it Conrad?" she asked.

"No, it is not!" shouted the little man gleefully.

"Is it Hal?" she said.

"No, it is not!" cried the little man, hopping around on one leg.

"Is it Tom?" she asked sadly, as if she had come to the end of her questions.

"No, it is not Tom!" laughed the little man, preparing to wrap the baby up in the blanket.

"Then it must be Rumpel-Stilts-Kin!" she cried.

"The witches must have told you! the witches must have told you! Oh, bother the witches!" screamed the little man, dancing with rage and disappointment, as he hopped back to his little cottage, carrying the empty blanket. And the queen never saw Rumpel-Stilts-Kin again.—*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

NOTES

1. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm collected and wrote many of the old German folk tales. The first English edition of these tales was published by Mr. Edgar Taylor, London, in 1823. This is one of the stories in that early collection.
2. *Rumpel-Stilts-Kin*. Pronounced *rŭm'pĕl-stĭltz'-kĭn*. The name of the little dwarf who helped the miller's daughter.
3. What have you known persons to do that is stranger than weaving straw into gold? A German chemist has at last been able to make food for people from straw.
4. Allow the children to dramatize this selection. Have them select a miller, a miller's daughter, the king, the dwarf, and the messengers, and after they read their parts well, have them act the story.
5. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences: clĕv'ĕr, boasting (bŏst'ĭng), loveliness (lŭv'lĭ-nĕs), wonderful (wŭn'dĕr-foŏl), ĭm-pŏr'tănt, spĭn'nĭng, quĭck'ly, maiden (măd' 'n), scarcely (skărs'li), hŏp'pĭng, dwarf (dwŏrf), bĭt'tĕr-lŷ, dĭ'ă-mond (mŭnd), whĭz'zĭng, sparkled (spăr'kl'd), marry (măr'ĭ), mŏ'mĕnt, prŏm'ĭse, ceiling (sĕl'ĭng), jewels (jŭ'ĕlz or jŏŏ'ĕlz), creaked (crĕkt), frightened (frĭt' 'nd), guessing (gĕs'ĭng), messengers (mĕs'ĕn-jĕrs), prĕ-tĕnd'ĕd, witches (wĭches), bŏth'ĕr, disappointment (dĭs'ă-point'mĕnt).
6. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) If it is not done then, I shall give orders that you are to be put to death.
 - (b) Again the wheel went whizzing round and round.

- (c) The queen was now so happy that she forgot all her troubles.
- (d) The next day the queen sent messengers over the whole country to collect all the curious names they could find.
- (e) Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-Stilts-Kin is my name.

EXERCISES

1. What boast did the miller make to the king?
2. What command did the king give?
3. Why did the miller wish he had not made the boast?
4. What was to happen to the miller's daughter if she did not spin the straw into gold?
5. Why did she sit and weep?
6. What did she give the dwarf to do the work?
7. What next task did the king give the maiden?
8. How did she get it done this time?
9. What promise did the king make if she did the third task?
10. What did the dwarf make her promise him before he would work for her?
11. Why did she not want to keep her promise?
12. What would she have to do to keep the baby?
13. What happened when she first tried to guess his name?
14. What happened the second time?
15. How did she finally guess his name?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GRIMM BROTHERS: The Six Swans. Snow-white and Rose-red. The Gold Children.

ANDERSEN: The Story of a Mother. The Last Pearl.

LONGFELLOW: The Spinning Wheel.

PERRAULT: Cinderella.

MACE: The Necklace of Truth.

BUCKLEY: The Fairy Land of Science.

HAY: The Enchanted Shirt.

DAYRE: Susie's Dream.

MY PART

O brook and breeze and blossom,
And robin on the tree,
You make a joy of duty,
A pride of industry;
Teach me to work as blithely,
With a willing hand and heart:
The world is full of labor,
And I must do my part.

— *Anonymous.*

THE SONG OF THE WHEAT

Back of the bread is the snowy flour;
Back of the flour is the mill;
Back of the mill the growing wheat
Nods on the breezy hill;
Over the wheat is the glowing sun
Ripening the heart of the grain;
Above the sun is the gracious God,
Sending the sunlight and rain.

— *Anonymous.*

THE RAIN SONG

DID you ever cry because the rain kept you from going to a picnic? If you did, it was because you didn't stop to think what the rain really does. To some, rain is merely mud and trouble and dark days. To the poet, rain means drink and life for the roses, and clover, and violets, and daffodils. Read this beautiful poem, and see if it tells you what the rain really means.

THE RAIN SONG *

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;

* From *The Gates of Silence*, published by The A. J. Showalter Company and used by the courteous permission of the author.



FIELDS OF CLOVER BLOOM

A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

— Robert Loveman.

NOTES

1. Robert Loveman was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1864, but has spent most of his life in the South. His home is in Dalton, Georgia. He has written *Poems, A Book of Verses, Songs from a Georgia Garden, The Blushful South*, and other books.
2. Tell what games are best to play indoors on a rainy day.
3. Tell of times you have been disappointed because it rained. Tell of harm that was done because it did not rain.
4. *Buccaneering bee* (bŭc-că-ñeer'ing). A bee who robs flowers like a pirate, or sea robber.
5. *A health* (hĕlth). A wish of health and happiness.
6. *A fig*. The value of a fig, or practically nothing, as in "I don't care a fig for it."
7. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: daffodils (dăf'ô-dîlz), dim'pled (p'ld), ěn-gŭlf', clô'vĕr, vĭ'ô-lĕts.
8. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
 - (b) It's raining roses down.
 - (c) Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
 - (d) A fig for him who frets!

EXERCISES

1. Why does the poet say "It's raining daffodils"?
2. How can he see in every drop wild flowers on the hills?
3. What is a buccaneering bee?
4. What does "bed and room" mean here?
5. Why does the poet rejoice with those who are happy?
6. Why does he say, "A fig for him who frets!"?
7. What does the poet mean by saying that it's raining roses, and violets, and daffodils, and clover bloom?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: The Rainy Day.

JACKSON: March. May.

THAXTER: April. Spring.

HEMANS: The Voice of Spring.

TABB: The Rain-pool.

HOWITT: April.

COLTON: Rain Drops.

RILEY: A Sudden Shower.

LONGFELLOW'S LOVE FOR THE CHILDREN

Awake, he loved their voices,
And wove them into his rhyme:
And the music of their laughter
Was with him all the time.

Though he knew the tongues of nations,
And their meanings all were dear,
The prattle and lisp of a little child
Was the sweetest for him to hear.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

LONG, long ago, before grown folk had daily papers, and before children had storybooks to read, story-telling was a favorite pastime. The sailor, home from a long voyage, the soldier fresh from battle, the shepherd, the plowboy, or the clown, was each in turn the center of a group of eager listeners.

“Jack and the Bean Stalk” is one of the best liked of the old, old stories. It has been told in many languages, among many peoples. Each time it comes out the same clear, clean story of an idle, worthless boy who was led by a fairy to right the wrongs a cruel giant had done to his father, and to take good care of his mother the rest of her days.

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

THE STRANGE TRADE

In the days of good King Alfred, there lived a poor woman whose cottage was in a lonely country village, many miles from London.

She had an only son named Jack, of whom she was so fond that she allowed him to do exactly as he pleased. Jack never paid the least attention to anything his mother said, but was idle,

careless, and wasteful. His follies were not owing to a bad nature, but to his mother's foolish fondness.

Little by little, he spent all that she had, until scarcely anything was left but a cow. Then, for the first time in her life, his mother scolded him.

"Cruel, cruel boy!" said she, "you have at last brought me to ruin. I have not money enough left to buy even a bit of bread; nothing is left to sell but my poor cow. It grieves me sadly to part with her. But you will not work; and we cannot starve."

Jack now felt sorry for his bad conduct, but his sorrow was soon over. The next day he began begging his mother to let him take the cow to the nearest town and sell her. At first she refused; but at last, seeing nothing better to do, she consented.

As Jack went along he met a butcher, who stopped and spoke to him. "Where," he asked, "are you going with that cow?"

"Oh," replied Jack, "I am taking her to town to sell her."

Now the butcher had some queer-looking beans in his hat. Jack had never seen anything like them. They were large and odd-shaped and speckled with all the colors of the rainbow, and Jack admired them greatly.

The butcher noticed that Jack seemed to fancy the beans; and knowing the boy's heedless temper, he thought it a fine chance to make a good bargain. So he offered Jack all the beans in his hat in exchange for the cow.

The silly boy was delighted at the offer, and the bargain was struck at once. The butcher took the cow, and Jack ran home with the beans. So pleased was he over the trade that he called aloud to his mother before he reached the door, thinking to give her a pleasant surprise.

But when she saw the beans, and heard Jack's story, her patience quite forsook her. Seizing the beans, she tossed them out of the window into the garden. Then she threw her apron over her head and wept bitterly. Jack tried to comfort her, but in vain; and having nothing to eat, they both went supperless to bed.

When Jack awoke he felt that something strange had happened. Looking towards the window of his bedchamber, he saw that it was darkened by huge vines. Hastily dressing, he ran out into the garden, and found that the beans had taken root and sprung up amazingly. The stalks were very thick, and had twined together, until they formed a sort of ladder, and they were so tall that their tops seemed to reach the clouds.

With all his faults, Jack was a bold and active

lad. At once he resolved to climb to the top of the bean stalks. So he ran in to tell his mother, not doubting that she would be pleased with his plan.

His mother forbade him to go,— said it would break her heart if he did,— but all in vain. As usual Jack paid no attention to what she said, and had his own way. Indeed, something within him seemed urging him to go; he felt that he must climb to the top of that strange ladder.

So he set out, and after climbing for several hours, reached the top of the bean stalks, quite fagged out.

JACK'S FAIRY FRIEND

Jack found himself in a strange country,— a desert where not a tree, a shrub, or a house was to be seen.

He seated himself on a broken rock and thought of his mother,— how much better it would have been if he had minded her. It seemed to him that he must die of hunger. However, he walked on, hoping to find some house where he might beg something to eat and drink. He did not find it; but after a while, he saw at a distance a beautiful lady, walking all alone. She was elegantly clad, and carried a white wand, on the top of which sat a peacock of pure gold.

Jack, who was not easily put out, walked boldly up to her. But before he could say a word, the lady, with a bewitching smile, asked him how he came there.

Jack told her all about the bean stalk.

"My lad," said the lady, "do you remember your father?"

"No, madam," replied Jack. "But I am sure there is some mystery about him; for whenever I name him to my mother, she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing."

"She dare not," replied the lady. "But I dare and will. For know, young man, that I am a fairy, and was your father's friend. But fairies are bound by laws as well as mortals. One of these laws I broke, and so I lost my power for a term of years and was unable to help your father when he most needed it; and he died."

Here the fairy looked so sad that Jack's heart warmed to her, and he begged her earnestly to tell him more.

"I will," she replied, "only you must promise faithfully to obey me in everything, or you will perish yourself."

Jack was brave, and besides, his fortunes were so bad they could not well be worse, so he promised.

"Your father, Jack," the fairy went on, "was a good man,—brave, gentle, and kind to the

poor. He had a good wife, faithful servants, plenty of money, and many friends. But among his friends was one false one. This was a giant whose life your father had saved. The ungrateful wretch returned evil for good; he killed your father and seized all his property. Then after making your mother take an oath that she would never tell you anything about your father, he turned her off, with you in her arms, to wander about the wide world as she might.

"I could do nothing to help her, as my power returned only on the day you went to sell your cow. It was I who caused you to take the beans. It was I who caused the bean stalk to grow, and made you wish to climb up into this strange country, for it is here that the wicked giant lives who slew your father.

"It is you alone who must punish him, and rid the world of a monster who will never do anything but evil. I will assist you.

"You may lawfully take all his riches, for everything he has belonged to your father and is therefore rightfully yours. Now, farewell! Do not let your mother know that I have seen you or told you your father's history; this is my command, and if you disobey me, you will suffer for it. Now go."

Jack asked where he was to go.

“Along the straight road, till you see the castle where the giant lives. You must then act as you think best, and I will aid you in any trouble. Farewell!” Then with a kindly smile upon her face she vanished.

THE GIANT AND HIS HEN

Jack went forward till about sunset, when, to his great joy, he espied a great castle. A plain-looking woman was at the door. Jack walked boldly up to her and begged for a bit of bread and a night's lodging.

The woman seemed greatly surprised, and said that it was very uncommon to see a human being near their house. “For,” said she, “every one about here knows that my husband is a powerful giant who never eats anything but human flesh. He will walk fifty miles any day to get it; he has been out all day to-day for that very purpose. If he sees you, you are lost.”

This tale greatly terrified Jack, but he still hoped to escape the giant, and begged the woman to give him something to eat, and to take him in and hide him for that night only, saying that he was very hungry and weary, and had nowhere else to go.

She was really a kind-hearted woman and was sorry for Jack; so at last she gave way, and took him into the house. First, they entered a fine

hall, splendidly furnished; then they passed through several large rooms. A long, dark passage came next, on one side of which there was a grating of iron, and behind this grating was a dismal dungeon. In this dungeon were the giant's prisoners; Jack could hear their groans as he went by.

The lad was half dead with fear and heartily wished himself home again; he even began to suspect the giant's wife, fearing that she had only let him in that she might cast him, too, into the dungeon.

But this was not so; for the good woman took him into the kitchen and bade him sit down and gave him plenty to eat and drink. But just as he was finishing his supper, there came a great knocking at the outer door, which made the whole house tremble.

"Ah! that's the giant," cried the poor woman, pale with fear. "If he sees you, he will kill you, and me too. What shall I do?"

"Hide me in the oven," cried Jack, now bold as a lion at the thought of being face to face with his father's cruel enemy. So he crept into the oven,—for there was no fire near it,—and listened to the giant's loud voice and his heavy step as he walked up and down the kitchen, scolding his wife.

At last he seated himself at the table, and

Jack, peeping through a crack in the oven door, was amazed at the quantity of food he devoured. It seemed as if he would never stop eating and drinking; but he did at last, and, leaning back, called to his wife in a voice like thunder:—

“Bring me my hen!”

She obeyed, and placed upon the table a very beautiful live hen.

“Lay!” roared the giant, and the hen at once laid an egg of solid gold.

“Lay another!” and every time the giant said this, the hen laid a larger egg than before.

He amused himself a long time with his hen, and then sent his wife to bed, while he fell asleep by the fireside, and snored like the roaring of cannon.

As soon as he was asleep, Jack crept out of the oven, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He got safely out of the house, and, finding his way along the road he had come, reached the top of the bean stalk and climbed down it in safety.

His mother was overjoyed to see him; for she thought he had come to some ill end.

“Not a bit of it, mother,” said Jack; “look here!” and he showed her the hen.

“Now lay!” and the hen obeyed him and laid as many golden eggs as he desired.

These eggs being sold, Jack and his mother

got plenty of money and for some months lived very happily together.

JACK AND THE MONEY BAGS

But after a time, Jack felt another great longing to climb the bean stalk and carry away some more of the giant's ill-gotten riches. He had told his mother of his adventure, but had been very careful not to say a word about his father.

He thought of his journey again and again, but did not dare to speak to his mother about it; for he was sure she would try to prevent his going. However, one day he told her boldly that he must take another journey up the bean stalk. She begged and prayed him not to think of it.

She told him that the giant's wife would certainly know him again, and that the giant would like nothing better than to get him into his power, so that he might be revenged for the loss of his hen. No, she could not permit him to go.

Finding all his arguments in vain, Jack ceased talking,—and began preparing to go. He had some strange clothes made, and got something to color his skin with, hoping thus to disguise himself and so deceive the giant's wife.

A few mornings after, he rose very early, and without waking his mother, stole out and

climbed the bean stalk a second time. Tired and hungry, he reached the giant's castle late in the evening.

The giant's wife was at the door, as before. Jack went up to her, and, telling her a pitiful tale of his hunger and weariness, begged for food and drink and a night's lodging.

She told him (what he knew before very well) about her husband's being a powerful and cruel giant. "And," she added, "not long ago I took in a poor, hungry, friendless boy, and the ungrateful little creature ran off with one of my husband's treasures. Ever since then the giant has been very harsh with me. Every morning and every evening he beats me and scolds me, saying that I was the cause of his ill luck."

Jack was sorry for her, but felt that he must get into the castle. So he only begged the harder. At last he gained his point. The woman took him into the kitchen as before; and after he had done eating and drinking, she hid him in an old lumber chest.

Soon the giant returned, walking so heavily that the house was shaken to its foundation.

He seated himself by the fire, and soon after exclaimed, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!"

"Oh!" replied his wife, "that is only a piece of raw meat that the crows dropped on the top of the house."

While supper was being prepared, the giant was very impatient and ill-tempered. He kept blaming his wife for the loss of his wonderful hen; and several times struck her for not being quick enough.

At last, having ended his supper, he cried, "Give me something to amuse me — my harp or my money bags."

"Which will you have, my dear?" asked his wife, meekly.

"My money bags," thundered he, "because they are heaviest to carry."

She brought them, staggering under the weight; two bags, — one filled with shining gold pieces, the other with bright new silver shillings. She emptied them out on the table, and the giant began counting them in great glee.

"Now go to bed, you numskull!" roared the giant. So the poor wife crept away.

From his hiding place Jack watched the counting of the shining coins, which he knew were really his own. The giant, little thinking that he was so carefully watched, reckoned up his money, and then tied up the two bags and put them down beside his chair, with his little dog to guard them.

At last he fell asleep as before, and snored so loud that it sounded like the roaring of the sea in a high wind, when the tide is coming in.

As soon as he thought all was safe, Jack stole out; but just as he laid his hands upon the money bags, the little dog, which he had not noticed before, started from under the giant's chair and barked most furiously.

Instead of trying to escape, Jack stood still, though he expected his enemy to awake every instant. But the giant snored on; and Jack, seeing a piece of meat, threw it to the dog, which at once stopped barking and began to devour it.

So Jack shouldered the two money bags and made off with them. But they were so heavy that it took him two whole days to climb down the bean stalk and get back to his mother's door.

When he came home he found the cottage deserted. He ran from room to room; his mother was not there. He then hastened to the village, where he at last found his mother sick of a fever and, as it was thought, dying.

Then Jack blamed himself bitterly for ever having left her. His mother, however, at sight of her dear son, revived, and slowly recovered.

Jack gave his mother his two money bags; they had the cottage rebuilt and refurnished, and lived more happily than they had ever lived before.

THE TELL-TALE HARP

For three years Jack stayed quietly at home and tried to think no more of the giant and his castle.

But again the old longing sprang up in his heart. It was in vain that he tried to conquer it. It was in vain that he tried to amuse himself. Rising at the first dawn of day, he would sit and gaze at the bean stalk for hours at a time.

At last he resolved to go. So he made ready a new disguise, better and more complete than the former. One midsummer's day, he awoke as soon as it was light, and, without telling his mother, again climbed the bean stalk.

Everything happened much as before. He reached the giant's castle at nightfall and found the wife standing, as usual, at the door. She did not in the least remember him, but was very unwilling to admit him to the castle. After much coaxing, however, he was admitted, and this time was hid in a big copper kettle.

When the giant returned, he roared furiously, "I smell fresh meat!"

Jack did not feel at all scared, as he had said the same before and had been soon satisfied. But this time the giant started up suddenly and, in spite of all his wife could say, searched all about the room.

While this was going forward, Jack was ex-

ceedingly terrified, wishing himself at home a thousand times; and once, when the giant put his hand upon the lid of the kettle, Jack thought his end had come. —

However, nothing happened; for the giant did not take the trouble to lift the lid, but sat down shortly by the fireside, and began to eat his supper.

When he had finished he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped under the lid of the kettle and saw a most beautiful harp.

The giant placed it on the table and said, "Play!" and the harp played of its own accord the most beautiful music Jack had ever heard.

Jack, who was a very good musician, was delighted and wished for the harp more than for any other of his enemy's treasures. But as the giant was not very fond of music, the harp only lulled him to sleep earlier than usual. As for his wife, she had gone to bed as soon as ever she could.

As soon as he dared, Jack got out of the kettle, and seizing the harp, was eagerly running off with it.

But the harp had been enchanted by a fairy, and finding itself in strange hands, it called out loudly, just as if it had been alive, "Master! master!"

The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack

scampering off as fast as his legs could carry him.

“Oh, you villain!” cried he. “It is you who have robbed me of my hen and my money bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I’ll eat you up alive.”

“Very well; try!” shouted Jack, who was not a bit afraid, for he saw that the giant was so tipsy he could hardly stand, much less run.

So, with the giant stumbling and staggering after him, Jack ran to the top of the bean stalk, and scrambled down it as fast as he could; and all the while the harp kept wailing, “Master! master!” till Jack said, “Stop!” and it stopped.

When Jack got to the bottom, he found his mother sitting at her cottage door, sorrowfully weeping.

“Here, mother,” said Jack, “just give me the hatchet; make haste.” For he knew he had not a moment to spare; he could see the giant coming down the bean stalk.

But the monster’s ill deeds had come to an end. With the hatchet Jack cut the bean stalk close off at the roots; and the giant fell headlong into the garden and was killed on the spot.

Instantly the fairy appeared. She explained everything to Jack’s mother, begging her to forgive Jack, who promised faithfully to be a

good son and make her happy all the rest of her days.— *Old Folk-Tale*.

NOTES

1. King Alfred (Äl'frēd) was the first famous king of England. He reigned from 871 A.D. to 901 A.D. See Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*, "King Alfred and the Cakes," "King Alfred and the Beggar."
2. *Bargain was struck*. The bargain was made. The boy accepted the butcher's offer.
3. *Fagged out* (fägd). Tired out.
4. *Espied* (ēs-pīd'). Saw.
5. *Shīl'līngs*. Silver coins of Great Britain, each worth about twenty-four cents.
6. *Nūm'skull*. A dunce, a know-nothing.
7. Be prepared to pronounce, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: attention (ä-tēn'shūn), waste'fūl, fōl'lies (īz), beggary (bēg'ēr-ī), rē-fūsed', cōn-sēnt'ēd, butcher (boōch'ēr), bargain (bār'gēn), comfort (kūm'fērt), ā-māz'īng-lŷ, resolved (rē-zōlvd'), doubting (dout'īng), forbade (fōr-bād'), bewitching (bē-wīch'īng), mŷs'tēr-y, ūn-grāte'fūl, mōn'stēr, lodging (lōj'īng), dismal (dīz'māl), dungeon (dūn'jūn), adventure (ād-vēn' tūr), disguise (dīs-gīz'), arguments (är'gū-mēntz), foun-dā'tion (shūn), īm-pā'tient (shēnt), reckoned (rēk' 'nd), fū'rī-ous-ly (ūs-lī), scampering (skām'pēr-īng), tīp'sy.
8. Pronunciation and articulation drill. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) Jack never paid the least attention to anything his mother said.

- (b) "Cruel, cruel boy!" said she, "you have at last brought me to ruin."
- (c) Seizing the beans, she tossed them out of the window into the garden.
- (d) After climbing for several hours, he reached the top of the bean stalk.
- (e) For know, young man, that I am a fairy, and was your father's friend.
- (f) It is here that the wicked giant lives who slew your father.
- (g) Jack walked boldly up to her and begged for a bit of bread and a night's lodging.
- (h) Wait till I catch you, and I'll eat you up alive.

EXERCISES

1. What kind of boy was Jack?
2. Why was Jack's sorrow so soon over?
3. What bargain did Jack make with the butcher?
4. Why did the mother toss the beans out of the window?
5. What strange thing happened in the night?
6. Why did Jack climb the bean stalk against his mother's wish?
7. What did the fairy in the strange country tell Jack?
8. What did the giant owe to Jack's father?
9. How had the giant treated Jack's father?
10. Why did the fairy wish to rid the world of this monster?
11. What did she tell Jack to do?
12. Tell of Jack's meeting the woman near the castle.
13. What things he saw and heard terrified Jack?
14. Tell of the hen that laid golden eggs and how Jack got her.
15. Why did Jack long to climb the bean stalk again?

16. How did he disguise himself in order to deceive the giant's wife?
17. Why was it so hard for Jack to get into the castle?
18. Tell of Jack's getting the money bags.
19. How did he find his mother on his return?
20. Why did he later "sit and gaze at the bean stalk for hours at a time"?
21. What narrow escapes did Jack have on his third visit to the castle?
22. What told the giant of Jack's theft?
23. Tell of Jack's escape.
24. What happened to the giant?
25. How did Jack's mother find out all the truth? Why was she so glad to forgive Jack?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ANDERSEN: Little Thumb. The Flying Trunk.

RICHARDS: The Golden Windows.

TOPELIUS: The Red Cottage.

GRIMM: The Golden Goose.

JACOBS: Jack the Cunning Thief.

CARY: Fairy Folk.

HARRISON: Hans and the Four Great Giants.

THE STAR

They of the East beheld the star
That over Bethlehem's manger glowed;
With joy they hailed it from afar,
And followed where it marked the road,
Till, where its rays directly fell,
They found the Hope of Israel.

— *John Pierpont.*

VACATION SONG

HURRAH! School is out!" is the glad shout of the boy or girl who has done the year's work well. This is not because boys and girls do not like to study. They do. But they naturally love best the great schoolroom of forest, stream, and meadow where all the lessons are learned by heart.

The author of this poem has told with delight of the things she most loves in the great vacation school of nature.

VACATION SONG *

I have closed my books and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide,
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold dust thrown over the green,

*Used by the courteous permission of the author.

And the winds' flying footsteps are traced, as
they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school bell rings in the rippling stream,
Which hides itself, like a schoolboy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, more dull than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget,
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

Oh, come! oh, come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.
Of all the schoolrooms in east or west
The school of Nature I love the best.

— *Katharine Lee Bates.*

NOTES

1. Katharine Lee Bates is professor of literature in Wellesley College near Boston. She has written many beautiful poems, among them being one now generally loved, "America the Beautiful."
2. What profitable things may children do during vacation?
3. *School of Nature*. Nature is spoken of as a "school" because one can learn so much from a study of birds, flowers, streams, meadows, trees, and sky.
4. Pronounce correctly, give meanings of, and use in sentences of your own: satchel (săch'ěl), mōs'sy, clūs'tērs, gīld, trāced, sōr'rēl, sē'crēt, rīp'plīng, chestnuts (chēs'nūts), patient (pā'shēnt), lōre, ĩm-pärt', autumn (ô'tūm).
5. Read slowly and distinctly:
 - (a) I have closed my books and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
 - (b) My lessons are written in clouds and trees.
 - (c) My school bell rings in the rippling stream.
 - (d) My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget.
 - (e) All her lessons are learned by heart.

EXERCISES

1. What is "the schoolroom I love the best"?
2. What are some of the most charming things in the schoolroom?
3. Explain "the dance of the sorrel," "the dip of the grass."
4. How are lessons written in clouds and trees?
5. Why say "no one whispers, except the breeze"?
6. What is the new school bell?

7. Who are the new schoolmates?
8. Who is the teacher?
9. Why are the lessons not forgotten?
10. Why does the speaker love the school of Nature best?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOGG: A Boy's Song.

WHITTIER: In School Days. The Barefoot Boy. At School Close.

SHERMAN: Vacation Song. Daisies.

FRANK HUTT: Vacation Time.

TAYLOR: The Way to be Happy.

KEBLE: All Things Beautiful.

WESTWOOD: Little Bell.

BOYLE: The Voice of the Grass.

ONLY ONE MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over.

—George Cooper.



